



Cine Nomine

presents

TRADER GAMES

(Black Box – French working title)

A film by Fabrice Genestal

January 2009

CREDITS NOT CONTRACTUAL

International Sales



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SHORT SYNOPSIS



**A hot young Wall Street trader finds a formula based on
climatology to play the market and win big...
but at what cost?**

Wall Street, early 2008.

Hot young French trader Erwan, realizes that the work of Sybille, a climate researcher, applies to market fluctuations and can be used for financial predictions. He risks testing the theory at the firm for which he works. But, as his superiors don't give him enough time for positive results to show, Erwan takes a huge loss. He is then fired.

With the help of Sybille and a handful of people who believe in him, he launches his own company and starts to win big. Very, very big. Until...

TECHNICAL INFORMATION



BY: FABRICE GENESTAL (The Squalle – nomination for Best First Work at the Cesar Awards 2001)

SCREENPLAY BY: FABRICE GENESTAL AND PAUL BESSON

CAST: GILLES LELLOUCHE (Mesrine part 1, Tell No One, Anthony Zimmer, Gustave Klopp),
VAHINA GIOCANTE (Inside Ring, Secrets of State),
MICHAEL MADSEN (Sin City 1 & 2, Kill Bill 1 & 2, Die Another Day),
CHARLES BERLING (Spybound)

PRODUCERS: PIERRE FORETTE AND THIERRY WONG – CINE NOMINE (The Squalle, President, Percussions – working title)

COPRODUCERS : ANDRE ROULEAU – CAMEL (Mesrine 1, An American Haunting) AND JACQUES-HENRI BRONCKART – VERSUS PRODUCTION (Days of Glory)

EDITOR: CATHERINE SCHWARTZ

DOP: PASCAL RABAUD (Paris, I Love You, The End of Violence)

ART DIRECTOR: LOUIS-RENE LANDRY

VERSION: ENGLISH AND FRENCH

SHOOTING: STARTING ON JANUARY 24TH, 2009 FOR 7 WEEKS. SHOOTING IN CANADA, USA AND FRANCE

SHOT IN : HD

DELIVERY: 2010

FRENCH DISTRIBUTOR: TFM DISTRIBUTION



THE CHARACTERS



Erwan – Gilles Lellouche



Sybille – Vahina Giocante



William – Michael Madsen



Georges – Charles Berling



Sarah – Lisa Ray

SCREENPLAY

Selection Atelier du Festival de Cannes
With the support of Eurimages and an advance on receipts (CNC)

Version
January 22, 2009

GLOSSARY

A BEAR MARKET

A market characterized by falling prices for securities

BROKER

An individual or firm which acts as an intermediary between a buyer (the buyers are traders in the film : Georges and Erwan) and seller, usually charging a commission.

Henri is a broker in the screenplay.

DOW JONES

The oldest and most widely used measures of the overall condition of the stock market, each of the four averages is price-weighted and includes a few dozen widely held stocks.

HEDGE FUND

A fund, usually used by wealthy individuals and institutions, which is allowed to use aggressive strategies that are unavailable to mutual funds, including selling short, leverage, program trading, swaps, arbitrage, and derivatives. Hedge funds are exempt from many of the rules and regulations governing other mutual funds, which allows them to accomplish aggressive investing goals. They are restricted by law to no more than 100 investors per fund, and as a result most hedge funds set extremely high minimum investment amounts.

P&L

Profit and loss statement.

RISK PREMIUM

The reward for holding a risky investment rather than a risk-free one.

A SPREAD

The gap between bid and ask prices of a stock or other security.

A position taken in two or more options or futures contracts to profit through a change in the relative price relationships. Purchasing an option to expire in October and selling an option on the same asset expiring three months earlier is one example of a spread.

A STOCHASTIC MODEL

A model involving chance or probability.

TRADER**SALES REP**

In finance, a trader is someone who buys and sells financial instruments such as stocks, bonds and derivatives. Erwan and Georges are traders in the film.

The sales rep represents a company (the bank Erwan first works for in the film) and solicits business. This is Sarah in the film.

VOLATILITY

The relative rate at which the price of a security moves up and down.

Note: dialogues in italics are in English

1. INT DAWN. AIRPLANE.

Erwan, a stormy-looking man in his thirties, is kneeling in the back of a Pilatus. He checks his handles, kisses his obsidian then leaps from the plane.

2. EXT DAWN. SKY.

Erwan in a wingsuit, arms and legs spread wide.

3. EXT DAWN. AIRFIELD. LANDING STRIP.

Erwan touches down on the landing strip.

4. EXT MORNING. NEW YORK CITY. BANKS OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

Erwan speeds along the Hudson in the back of a taxi. His hair's mussed up, he's unshaven and his shirt collar unbuttoned to show his obsidian pendant necklace. The morning news spews from the radio.

ALISSA

Yesterday, another surge in the markets, the Dow Jones looks like it might break the objective of 14,000 points. Market confidence is soaring and we're looking to close out the year at an all-time high. Now I'll turn things over to our meteorologist Jim O'Neill. Let's hope the weather report's as sunny as the stock report... Thank you, Sean! Well indeed, the next few days certainly look promising, radiant sunshine all over the Big Apple...

As he ties his tie, Erwan glances out at the calm, clear sky then checks his watch and frowns. He's late.

5. EXT MORNING. BANK. PLAZA.

Erwan climbs out of the taxi and hurries to the doors of a big building where hundreds of employees are going in.

6. INT MORNING. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Computers as far as the eye can see. Erwan hurries past the desks, tosses his jacket on his chair, greets his impeccably dressed 23-year-old assistant **Tony**...

TONY

Hurry up, you're last!

ERWAN (fuming)

I've fucking had it with these stupid-ass meetings!

...and heads towards the conference room where thirty or so traders are already gathered for the daily morning meeting.

7. INT MORNING. BANK. MORNING MEETING ROOM.

About thirty traders are gathered for the daily morning meeting. The economic analyst, **Douglas**, about 40, is using a portable laser to comment on a graph being projected on a wall screen via a projector commanded by the laptop in front of him.

DOUGLAS

When we evaluate risk premiums on the stock market with regard to long-term interest rates, we see an obvious under-valuation of the stock market...

William, the floor manager – a handsomely elegant 45-year-old with a predatorial look and impeccably styled white hair – glares at Erwan as he makes his way over to **Georges**, an obese 40-year-old man munching candy out of a bag.

ERWAN (shaking Georges' hand)

So what does Zoltar have to say today?

GEORGES

Same old bullshit.

KEN (to Erwan)

Hey Frogs! Button it up, will ya?!

ERWAN (to Ken)

Fuck you, asshole!

DOUGLAS

Even with a weak growth in profit estimates, we're seeing a 20-40% lag in performance according to the theoretical models, in green on the chart. So this indicates a very strong buy signal.

While **Ken** tries to keep a lid on his anger, Erwan glances at William who's watching them out of the corner of his eye and is visibly annoyed by their little French exchange. Erwan tries to focus on the graph Douglas is talking about.

DOUGLAS

In the middle term, macroeconomic factors always take the upper hand over unpredictable market fluctuations. That means markets should appreciate in the middle term. In the end, the economy always sets the rules of the game.

Erwan suddenly seems intrigued by something – a W-shaped graph Douglas is pointing to with his portable laser.

ERWAN

That looks familiar...

GEORGES (looking sceptically at the graph)

Really? Not to me.

DOUGLAS

So I recommend a buy position for the next three to six months. That's all for today. Thank you for your attention.

WILLIAM (to Douglas)

Thank you, Douglas...

(turning to the rest of the room)

Any comments?...

GEORGES (derisively)

What does that mean, three to six months? When do we start buying? Now? In three months? Or in six?

DOUGLAS

I'm an economist, not a fortune teller! I'm giving you a long-term, strategic view! Besides, most analysts agree with me.

GEORGES (arrogant)

So you're not going out on a limb.

The traders all smile mockingly.

DOUGLAS (annoyed)

Everyone's got their own job. Yours consists of taking risks. That's what you get paid for.

GEORGES

Good thing I never listened too closely to you, otherwise no telling how many times I'd have screwed up!

WILLIAM (ironic)

If you've got a better idea, Georges, we're all ears. But if I were you, with your P&L, I wouldn't be giving out any lessons.

Georges shuts up and clenches his teeth.

WILLIAM (to the whole room)
May I remind you and everybody else that we're lagging in our targets... You've got four months until the end of the year. If you want a big bonus, you're gonna have to let go of your dicks and get a move on! Show me you're hungry – now get to work!

The traders file out of the room.

GEORGES (to Erwan)
Yeah, speaking of bonuses... What'd he rake in last year? That asshole's making a fortune off us and we still have to put up with his lectures every morning!...

ERWAN (laughing)
Cool your jets, Georges.

8. INT MORNING. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW OF DESKS.

Erwan's at his desk totally absorbed by Douglas's graph on his computer screen.

GEORGES
It's ready to open, Erwan, let's go!

Erwan looks up and glances at the clock. 8:29. He clicks on his screen.

GEORGES (adjusts the picture of his kids, leans over his squawk box and pushes the button marked "Henri")
Henri, you ready? We need at least 500 grand by the end of the year. We're still at 0!

9. INT MORNING. BROKERAGE

Henri, an extravagant dandy pushing 40, is seated behind a large desk surrounded by young brokers bustling all over the place.

HENRI
I'm sending you my first price list on Bloomberg!
(after hanging up, to the others)
Let's get moving, boys, they're at the boiling point, there's money to be made!

10. INT MORNING. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

GEORGES (to Tony)
Tony, keep an eye on all the prices! Don't let anything get away!

It's 8:30. The room rises to a new energy level. Phones ringing everywhere. The traders are all concentrated on their screens, headsets on, while voices blare forth from the squawk boxes.

On the TV in the room, the bell rings in the arena of the NYSE, brimming with excitement.

11.A. EXT EVENING. NEW-YORK CITY.

Sunset in Manhattan.

12. B. EXT EVENING. NEW YORK CITY. BANK. PLAZA.

Erwan and Georges head out into the street, loosening their ties.

12.EXT EVENING. NEW-YORK CITY. WALL STREET DISTRICT. STREET.

Erwan and Georges walk hurriedly through New York's famous financial district.

GEORGES

Fuck, this day sucked! If we hit ten million by the end of the year, we can consider ourselves lucky. That'll barely put us at 500,000 for a bonus! Peanuts! Not enough to pay the mortgage or my wife's alimony... not to mention Olga! She's bleeding me dry. I swear, I don't see how I'm ever going to make it!

ERWAN

Don't worry, the year's not over yet.

They arrive at a bar.

13.INT EVENING. BAR.

The bar's bustling with traders blowing off steam. Henri's sitting at the counter with a cocktail. He sees Georges and Erwan come in.

HENRI (waving to them)
Georges!

Georges looks over at him, motions to Erwan to follow and forges his way through the crowd.

HENRI (grabbing the beers the bartender's just placed on the counter and handing them out)
Hey guys, whaddya say about a little jaunt to Heatbreak tonight? I've got some VIP action planned.

GEORGES (hesitant)
I'll have to call Olga first...

HENRI
Sure, bring the broad along!
(to Erwan)
You?

ERWAN
No thanks. I've got stuff to do.

HENRI
What? You abandoning us?...

GEORGES (to Henri, while calling Olga on his cell)
Bet it's got something to do with that graph this morning.

ERWAN (nodding)
I know I've seen it somewhere.

GEORGES (to Henri)
Once he's hit on a divine mission, not much you can do!

HENRI (patting him on the shoulder)
Take a chill pill, man... There's more to life than the stock market!

Henri slips Georges an ecstasy pill and keeps one for himself. In unison, they pop them into their mouths, gulp down their beers and slam the empty mugs back down on the counter.

HENRI
Let's go!

They leave.

14.INT NIGHT. LOFT.

The walls are plastered with pictures of free-falling skydivers. Trading “charts” are scattered everywhere. Piles of documents are stacked on the desk amid books on stochastic processes, turbulence phenomena, chaos theory, etc. Under the light of a desk lamp, Erwan is flipping through a magazine then stops on an article called *Climatic Forecast: Looking for the Human Signature*, illustrated with a W-shape graph that looks uncannily like the one from the morning meeting. The article is signed Sibylle Mahler. He clicks on his computer and pulls up Google, types in her name and hits search. He clicks on one of the entries. Sibylle Mahler's web page comes up with a picture of a pretty young woman and the caption “researcher in climatology at the CNRS, affiliated with McGill University in Montreal, former ENS student, top honors for her PhD...etc.” Erwan is immediately struck by her charm.

15.INT DAY. UNIVERSITY. LAB.

Sibylle, in jeans and tight t-shirt with her short hair all tousled. She's in the light of a desk lamp.

16. B. INT DAY. UNIVERSITY. HALLWAY.

Erwan wanders down a hallway. He stops at each door to read the name on it.

16. C. INT DAY. UNIVERSITY. LAB.

Sibylle looks up when she hears a knock at the door.

ERWAN (smiling)
Hello!...

SIBYLLE (confused)
Hello?...

ERWAN
Ms. Mahler?

SIBYLLE
That's me...

ERWAN (holding out his hand)
Erwan Kermor... I'm a trader at Universal Market Bank. I'm really interested in your work. Particularly your article about modelling climate risks... Do you have a few minutes?

SIBYLLE (ill at ease)
Right now?...

ERWAN (flashing his most charming smile)
It won't take long. I just wanted to show you a graph...

SIBYLLE
I mean ...

ERWAN (pulling a CD-Rom out of his pocket)
I think it might interest you.

SIBYLLE (eyeing the CD-Rom sceptically)
What's it got to do with climatology?...

ERWAN
You'll see.

Sibylle sits at her computer, clicks the mouse and zooms in on the graph. The graphs are superimposed onto each other on her screen. Erwan stands behind her.

ERWAN

You can't see much at first, but if you look closer...
Look. There, there and there?... It appears regularly.

SIBYLLE (dubious)

Your imagination's working overtime...

ERWAN

But it's exactly the same shape you analyzed in your article!

She scoots back in her chair and turns to him.

SIBYLLE (getting up)

You can find shapes like that anywhere. Doesn't mean a thing...

ERWAN (getting up after her)

I'd be willing to fork out big time...

SIBYLLE (stiffening)

Don't bother, you're wasting your time.

ERWAN (staring at her, offended)

Fine, I get it.

SIBYLLE (aloof)

I'm sorry...

ERWAN (shaking her hand abruptly)

Goodbye.

SIBYLLE (coldly)

Goodbye...

Erwan takes off under Sibylle's stony glare. Just as he's leaving the room, he crosses Antoine on his way in.

ANTOINE (teasingly)

Who's the playboy?

SIBYLLE (scornfully)

Some guy from Wall Street.

ANTOINE (intrigued)

What'd he want?

SIBYLLE
For me to collaborate on his research.

ANTOINE
And?

SIBYLLE
I'm not for sale!...

Antoine watches her, amused.

16.EXT EVENING. UNIVERSITY. LOBBY.

Erwan paces back and forth in the lobby, then sits down nervously. Suddenly, he spots Sibylle coming with her bag tucked under her arm.

ERWAN
Ms. Mahler!

She stops and turns around in surprise. Erwan gets up and walks over to her.

SIBYLLE
You again!

ERWAN
I wanted to apologize for earlier.

SIBYLLE (starting to walk again)
Apologize for what?

ERWAN (following her)
I was out of line...I'm afraid you misunderstood.

SIBYLLE
No, I think you're the one who didn't get it.

ERWAN
I thought maybe you'd let me buy you a coffee.

SIBYLLE
I made myself clear, I'm not interested.

ERWAN
I know, I got that. It's just to make amends. I won't bother you with my graphs.

Sibylle smiles.

17.EXT EVENING. COFFEE SHOP.

Erwan and Sibylle are sitting opposite each other, engrossed in conversation behind the large glass window of a coffee shop. They don't seem to notice any of the pedestrians walking by outside.

18.INT NIGHT. COFFEE SHOP.

Sibylle listens attentively to Erwan.

ERWAN

Once I graduated, I decided to leave for New York. I had nothing to lose. For me, New York was a dream, the city where anything's possible and everyone has a shot. I started out as an assistant trader, then I met Georges...

SIBYLLE

Georges?

ERWAN

He's the one who gave me my lucky break... He was looking for an assistant who was good in math. Theoretically, I didn't fit the bill, but I was so motivated that he wound up keeping me. Besides, I was French, like him. Reminded him of home. I enrolled in night classes to study financial mathematics. At first, I was totally lost, but little by little, I got totally hooked.

SIBYLLE

What'd you like about it?

ERWAN

The idea market laws could be understood, that you could predict the future. That fascinates me...

SIBYLLE

You really believe that?

ERWAN

Of course! Banks spend millions on research and hire the world's best scientists to work on it...

Sibylle watches him, smiling. There's an awkward silence. Suddenly she looks at her watch.

SIBYLLE

Already?! I didn't see the time go! I need to get back and prepare my classes for tomorrow.

She stands up.

ERWAN (standing up as well)
I'll walk you home.

SIBYLLE (fishing around in her pocket for some change)

No, don't bother. It's just around the corner.

ERWAN
Don't. My treat.

SIBYLLE
Thanks.

ERWAN (a little awkwardly)
I hope we'll meet again...

SIBYLLE
Who knows?!

ERWAN (jotting his cell number on his business card)
Here's my number, just in case...

SIBYLLE (nodding, with a grin)
Goodbye!

ERWAN
Bye...

She goes out and waves at him one last time through the window, flashing him a bright smile. Erwan watches her go with a twinge in his heart.

19.INT NIGHT. APARTMENT.

Sibylle opens the door and turns on the light. She takes off her coat, heads over to the couch and plops down. She pulls out Erwan's business card and studies it thoughtfully.

20.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Sarah, a sexy, 36-year-old sales rep, heads towards the floor manager's office under the lustful gaze of Ken and Hughes, sprawled in their seats.

KEN
Hey babe, where you headed?

SARAH
Got an appointment with a client ...

CHANG (eyeing her bare legs)
Judging by the length of your skirt, looks like deep sea fishing to me.

KEN
One look and the daschund's tugging on the leash.

CHANG
A little more and it's up on its hind legs.

SARAH (playing along)
I know my job.

KEN
Whatever, but, if you need an escort, Sarah, we're here...

William steps out of his office holding his coat.

SARAH
Thanks, but I've already got my pimp!

WILLIAM (smiling knowingly)
They bothering you?

William takes her by the shoulders.

SARAH (waving at them)
Bye bye, boys.

They leave the room together.

KEN
Fuck! To think she's single!

ERWAN (ironic)
And it's not your shitty bonus that's gonna change that!

KEN (offended)
Yeah, wait and see who's number one at the end of the year!

ERWAN
You're on!

21.INT NIGHT. LOFT.

Erwan is pulling a TV-dinner from the microwave when his cell over on the coffee table rings. He goes over to answer.

ERWAN
Hello?

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
Hi. It's Sibylle Mahler.

ERWAN (surprised)
How are you?

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
I'm not bothering you, am I?

ERWAN
Not at all! I didn't expect you to call ...

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
I wanted to tell you you were right.

ERWAN (taken aback)
What do you mean?...

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
I had a look at your graph...

ERWAN
But I thought...

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
Your hunch was right!

22.INT DAY. UNIVERSITY. LAB.

Erwan stands behind Sibylle at her computer. There's a graph on the screen.

SIBYLLE
The shape you identified isn't usually visible because it's covered up by background noise. But if I filter out all the interference, here's what we get...

She clicks on the screen. Erwan watches the W-shape appear.

SIBYLLE
... Look familiar?

ERWAN
Yeah, that's it!

SIBYLLE
You actually find it repeated on every scale – one day, one month, one year, ten years... give or take a little. It's everywhere.

Sibylle clicks on the graph, going from one scale to the next, zooming in then out. Each time, the same W-shape appears, superimposed onto itself in a dizzying tunnel of mirrors reflected onto her glasses.

SIBYLLE
The shape represents the fundamental measure of human activity... The human signature, so to speak... And as everyone knows, such activity has an impact on planetary temperatures.
It's this underlying signal that's been disturbing the course of climate evolution for the past fifty years, and most likely lets us explain the rise in frequency of extreme weather events – floods, heatwaves, cold spells, cyclones, all kinds of disasters.

Sibylle lays one graphs on top of another.

SIBYLLE
It's tangible proof there really is a correlation between markets and the climate.

ERWAN (captivated)
Are they explained by the same mathematical model?

SIBYLLE (smiling)
Yeah, we have similar distributions, we can go from one process to the next by classical transformations.

ERWAN
Are you saying that with this, we can predict market evolution?!

Sibylle nods.

23.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. WALKWAY.

Erwan and Georges emerge from the elevator carrying bags of food. They cross the room where a few traders are eating sandwiches at their workstations. The atmosphere's relaxed.

GEORGES
A climatologist?

ERWAN
Who models climatic risks...

GEORGES
You trust her?

ERWAN
I'm telling you, she's a genius!

GEORGES
Did you test your model?

ERWAN (elated)
We backtested it starting 1929, almost perfect... I totally believe it!... We're going to virtual trading next week.

GEORGES
I can only hope you're right. I'm up to my ears in debt...

They sit down at their desks.

24.INT EVENING. APARTMENT.

The wall is covered with strange-looking graphs. The space is filled with central processing units all linked together. Erwan stares at the computer while Sibylle, munching on a chocolate bar, clicks the mouse and watches the nebula of dots moving around. Little by little, the screen stabilizes. A luminous point appears amidst a constellation of fixed dots.

SIBYLLE (staring at the screen where the most concentrated groups of dots are beginning to appear)
It's getting clearer... Certain positions are starting to emerge.

She pulls a sheet of paper out of the printer, circles three points on the graph with a marker and hands it to Erwan.

SIBYLLE (leaning towards the screen, excited)
See that?!

ERWAN
This is big!...

SIBYLLE
An event with 90% probability.

ERWAN
What's the time frame?

SIBYLLE
24 - 48 hours...

ERWAN
It's the strongest signal we ever got...

SIBYLLE
It's showing a 5 to 10% drop.

ERWAN
You sure about your figures?

SIBYLLE
Absolutely!...

ERWAN (his eyes sparkling)
This time, we gotta go!
(getting up, to Sibylle)
Get your coat on!

SIBYLLE
What for?

ERWAN
Gonna take a little spin!

SIBYLLE (as Erwan slips into his coat and tosses
hers to her)
Where?

ERWAN (grabbing her hand)
It's a surprise.

Erwan and Sibylle leave the loft.

25.EXT DAY. COUNTRYSIDE. ROAD.

Erwan is racing down a country road.

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
You still won't tell me where we're going?...

26.INT DAY. CAR.

Erwan grins and shakes his head in reply, his eyes still glued to the road. Suddenly Sibylle spots an air field.

SIBYLLE
What the...?!

She looks at Erwan who smiles mischievously.

SIBYLLE

You don't think I'm going to jump?!

ERWAN

Sure, trust me!

27.INT DAY. SKY. AIRPLANE.

Sibylle is attached to Erwan. She's white as a sheet.

ERWAN (in her ear)

Don't worry, it's gonna be fine.

Erwan exchanges a few unintelligible words with the pilot who winks back at him. Sibylle, distraught, takes a deep breath. The plane wheels. The sun is straight above. Erwan slides open the screeching metal door. Air billows into the cabin. Sibylle's eyes grow wide.

ERWAN (to Sibylle)

Let's go!

They leap out together under the setting sun.

28.EXT DAY. SKY.

They dive towards the ground. The sky is orangish as the landscape whizzes by. Sibylle's wide-eyed in wonder. After a few seconds of free fall, Erwan opens the micro-parachute. They stabilize. Sibylle relaxes and smiles.

29.EXT DAY. AIR FIELD. LANDING STRIP.

Erwan and Sibylle land and tumble into the grass. Erwan unhooks Sibylle's harnesses.

ERWAN (smiling)

You ok?

Sibylle is still in a daze. She struggles to get a hold of herself.

SIBYLLE

You bastard!

She leaps at him and kisses him on the mouth. For an instant, he's stunned.

30.INT NIGHT. LOFT.

Erwan and Sybille are on the bed where they've just made love. Erwan rolls over onto his back and stares at the ceiling. Sibylle turns towards him and props herself up on an elbow. She reaches for the obsidian pendant around his neck and studies it pensively.

SIBYLLE

What is it?

ERWAN
Good luck charm.

SIBYLLE
You superstitious?

ERWAN
It's a memento of my parents.

SIBYLLE
Are they dead?

ERWAN
Plane crash.

SIBYLLE
How old were you?

ERWAN
Three.

SIBYLLE
What was that like for you?

ERWAN
I remember like it was yesterday. The panic and screams, a horrible noise...

SIBYLLE (her eyes growing wide)
You were there?!...

Erwan nods.

ERWAN
I was the only survivor.

SIBYLLE
You think I'm gullible?

ERWAN
No, I swear. I know it sounds incredible.

SIBYLLE
You must have a guardian angel!

ERWAN
All I know is when they found me in the remnants of the plane, I was wearing this around my neck.

32.A . EXT MORNING. NEW YORK.

Sunrise over New York.

31.B. INT MORNING. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

The atmosphere is agitated. The traders are all either sitting or standing in front of their computers. William keeps coming in and out of the room. Erwan and Georges aren't at their desks. Tony's controlling the screens alone.

32.INT MORNING. BANK. CONFERENCE ROOM.

Erwan and Georges are in the conference room with the door shut and blinds drawn. They're studying graphs scattered across the table next to a conference call device with micro-camera and projector. A large blank screen is on the wall.

ERWAN (drawing a circle with a marker)
See this signal? It announces a correction of 5 to 10%.
(circling the shape each time with his marker)
Look, we see it here, the bear market of 2002-2003... The credit crisis, in May 2004 and May 2005... And more recently, the downturn in the Hang Seng. Each time it appears, there's a drop.
(pointing)
We need to take a position now, right before the dive...

Georges, suddenly serious, leans over the graphs to study them closer.

ERWAN
According to the model, there's a 9 out of 10 chance the market'll turn by tonight.

Georges straightens up.

GEORGES (suspiciously)
It goes against every current prediction.

ERWAN
We've been testing this model for a month, it's golden!

Georges looks pensive for a moment.

GEORGES
What would we go for?

ERWAN
A billion!

GEORGES (flabbergasted)
One billion?!

ERWAN (exhilarated)
We gotta go big guns! We can't afford to miss an opportunity like this!

GEORGES
That's way beyond our authorized limits. What about risk management?

ERWAN
We place the orders here like we always do. The phones aren't monitored. We'll be back on track by tonight. By the time they realize, it'll be too late. We'll have made so much money for them, they won't care!

GEORGES (hesitant)
That's going for broke... We've never played it so big!

ERWAN
If the market drops by 10%, that'll give us at least 100 million, not taking into account convexity. We'll be looking at five mill by the end of the year! Your debts'll be history; your wife's alimony, history; your troubles, history!... You and Olga can get a one-way to Rio and retire in style!

Georges looks him straight in the eyes and thinks a moment.

GEORGES
It's time we put our balls on the table... Let's do it!

ERWAN (slapping Georges' hand)
Yes!

He picks up the phone.

33.INT DAY. APARTMENT.

Sibylle sits in front of her computer staring at the screen. She's wearing the earpiece of her cell phone.

SIBYLLE (to Erwan)
The model confirms it. 90% risk of an impending crash in the next 24 hours.

34.INT DAY. BANK. CONFERENCE ROOM.

It's 8:30.

ERWAN (to Sibylle)
Ok! Talk to you later!
(hanging up, to Georges)
It's confirmed!

35.INT DAY. BROKERAGE.

Henri stands in the middle of a trading room with two rows of computers. His brow is wrinkled with worry and he's got his cell phone glued to his ear. He waves a finger at his neighbor to take the calls ringing on his screen.

HENRI (incredulous)
10,000 puts?! Is this a joke?!

GEORGES (dryly)
10,000 puts Dec 6 in bid-ask, that's right!

HENRI (dumbfounded)
You going short? Got a tip or what? You're the only ones...

36.INT DAY. BANK. CONFERENCE ROOM.

GEORGES (dryly)
I'll explain later. Give me a solid price as fast as possible!

HENRI (O.S.)
Ok, be right back!

37.INT DAY. BROKERAGE.

He writes 10,000 in big numbers in his notebook, presses a button on his screen and leans into his microphone.

HENRI (in the squawk box)
Get me a bid offer on 10,000 puts Dec 6!

38.INT DAY. BANK. CONFERENCE ROOM.

Erwan and Georges wait nervously before the conference call phone on the conference table.

HENRI (O.S.)
Georges! 36-39 for 10,000, whaddya say?

GEORGES (looking at Erwan)
I'll take the 10,000 at 39.

Erwan looks anxious and touches his pendant through his shirt. Georges mops the sweat off his brow with a big white handkerchief.

39.INT DAY. BROKERAGE.

HENRI (very nervous, on the other line)
Jack?! He's lifting your offer, he's taking the 10,000.

JOHN (in the squawk box)
Done!

HENRI (picking his cell back up, to Georges)
Done!

40.INT DAY. BANK. CONFERENCE ROOM.

Georges loosens his tie and leans back in his chair.

GEORGES (looking at Erwan)
Done!

Erwan kisses his obsidian while Georges runs all the graphs through the paper shredder. Erwan grabs his cell phone and sends Sibylle an sms.

41.INT DAY. APARTMENT.

Sibylle is standing in the middle of the room when she gets Erwan's SMS: "The die is cast." She breaks into a grin.

42.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

1:30 PM. Georges, Erwan and Tony are eating their sandwiches at the desk.

GEORGES (worried, to Erwan)
Don't you want to call her?...

Erwan pulls his cell out of his pocket.

43.INT DAY. APARTMENT.

Sibylle's cell phone starts vibrating on her desk. She grabs it and answers.

SIBYLLE (feverishly)
Erwan?

ERWAN (O.S.)
Sibylle, you sure about your calculations? The market's still up!

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
In theory, I wasn't off...

44.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW.

ERWAN
Check again, you never know!

SIBYLLE
Ok.

ERWAN
Kisses!

Erwan hangs up.

GEORGES
Be right back, gotta take a leak.

Erwan and Tony watch as Georges gets up awkwardly and wipes his crimson face.

45.INT DAY. APARTMENT.

Sibylle sits at her desk biting her nails and feverishly poring over all her calculations.

46.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW OF DESKS.

Erwan looks worriedly at his screen where the index keeps going up. Around him, the room is brimming with excitement.

TONY (glancing at the screen indicating a P&L of –
10 million)
Fuck, the market's up +2%, we're losing 10 million!
(he glances at the clock that reads 5:00, to Erwan)
We've only got a half hour left before close...

Suddenly Erwan's cell rings.

ERWAN (picking up)
Yeah Sibylle?! (...) And? (...) The model confirms
our predictions?!

47.INT DAY. APARTMENT.

SIBYLLE
Yes!... I mean, only 90% ...

48.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW OF DESKS.

ERWAN
What do you mean, only 90%?

49.INT DAY. APARTMENT.

SIBYLLE (O.S., annoyed)
I do probabilities, I'm not a fortune teller!

50.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW OF DESKS.

ERWAN
Ok, I'll keep you posted!

Erwan hangs up.

ERWAN (to Tony)
She confirms it ...

Tony eyes Erwan sceptically.

TONY (to Erwan)
So what do we do? We've got a half hour left before closing...

Erwan hesitates.

ERWAN
Where's Georges?! He went to take a leak half hour ago!

Erwan stands up and looks around the room, worried.

ERWAN
Be right back!

Erwan leaves his office.

53. INT DAY. BANK. RESTROOM.

Erwan enters the restroom. No one. He hears sniffing behind one of the stall doors.

ERWAN
Georges, that you?...

A toilet flushes. Georges comes out of the stall white as a sheet. He presses his thumb against his nostril and sniffs. There's a smear of white powder under his nose.

ERWAN
What the fuck are you doing? We've only got 15 minutes left before close! We gotta decide if we hold onto our position.

Georges splashes cold water on his face and takes a deep breath before the mirror.

GEORGES
I can't think anymore...

ERWAN (stepping toward him, reassuringly)
Listen, trust me, it's gonna work!

Suddenly Ken enters the restroom. Erwan and Georges straighten up awkwardly.

KEN
You fags jerking off in the john?

GEORGES
Just waiting for you to come blow us!

KEN (unzipping his fly in front of the urinal)
Sorry boys, I don't do extra-smalls!

GEORGES
Yeah, you'd rather lick the boss's ass.

KEN (pissing on them)
Assholes!

They dodge his stream.

GEORGES (ready to fight)
What a pig!

ERWAN (holding Georges back)
Come on! Forget it!

They leave the restroom.

54. INT DAY. APARTMENT.

The floor around Sibylle is littered with crumpled pieces of paper covered with equations. She's sitting at her computer staring worriedly at the screen where a cloud of dots hovers.

55.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

It's 5:35 pm and the energy level in the room has dropped way down. The traders chat casually at their desks, beverages in hand, far from their squawk boxes. An employee from the back office circulates down the aisles and has them sign forms. The back office employee reaches Erwan, pulls a sheet from his pile and holds it out for Erwan to sign, his eyes glued to the central screen where the P&L indicates a loss of 20 million. Erwan takes the form coolly as if nothing were amiss and stamps it. He leaves it blank and signs it while Tony looks on anxiously. Erwan's signature on the form authorizes the empty columns he's crossed out.

EMPLOYEE (looking at the sheet)
No new deals today?

ERWAN
Happens sometimes.

The only thing written on his paper is –100,000 P&L.

ERWAN
Hopefully there'll be more action tomorrow...

EMPLOYEE
For your sake.

Erwan and Georges watch him go, then exchange a weighy glance.

56.INT DAY. BANK. FLOOR MANAGER'S OFFICE.

Sarah is standing in front of William seated at his desk.

SARAH
We set my goal at 5 billion, I've already got more than 6 billion in sales, I totally deserve my 2 million bonus!

WILLIAM
Listen Sarah, trust me, I'm going to do everything I can to see you get paid what your worth, but I can't sign anything yet. It all depend on the results out on the floor. Think collectively! Ya gotta have team spirit!

SARAH
Easy for you to talk about team spirit. Who gets the lion's share every year?

WILLIAM (offended)
If you don't like it, go somewhere else! There are tons of women who'd be thrilled to be in your shoes...

SARAH
Maybe, but they don't have my contacts.

WILLIAM
Maybe not, but they're young and ambitious and they'll get their hands on your clients in no time... Nobody's irreplaceable at Universal Market Bank.

SARAH
Epecially when you get them in bed once in a while.

Sarah glares at him a moment, trying to contain her anger.

SARAH

*Sounds like you haven't gotten over the fact I
wouldn't go out with you.*

WILLIAM

Dream on.

(showing her his wedding ring)

Need I remind you that I'm married...

SARAH (scornfully)

*Right! I don't know who I feel sorrier for – you or
your wife.*

Sarah storms out of the office and crosses the back office employee who pops his head through the crack in the door and gives a timid knock.

EMPLOYEE

It's for the performance review.

WILLIAM

Come in!

57.EXT EVENING. NEW YORK CITY. STREET.

Erwan and Georges walk down the street surrounded by the hubbub of the city.

ERWAN (reassuring Georges)

All we have to do is wait for Tokyo to open. It'll
head south, it's just a matter of hours!

Georges looks at him dumbfounded. Suddenly his cell starts ringing.

GEORGES (into his phone)

Olga! I've been trying to reach you for three days!...

Suddenly Georges stops short.

58.INT EVENING. BAR.

The bar is loud and crowded with traders blowing off steam. Georges stands with Henri and Erwan. He's already pretty drunk.

GEORGES

I don't understand how she could do that to me!

HENRI

A 24-year-old model, what'd you expect? You
didn't think it was going to last forever?

GEORGES
I thought...

HENRI
Forget about her! Girls like that are a dime a dozen...

GEORGES (despondent)
Not her... She's different...

HENRI (annoyed)
Wake up, Georges!... As long as you were showing her the high life – paying for her apartment, her car, her clothes, her trips all over the world – she made you think it was Love with a capital L... But deep down, she's just a whore!

Georges stares at him, completely lost.

HENRI
I can get you another girl just like her whenever you want!... Don't believe me?

59. INT NIGHT. BAR. LOUNGE.

Erwan's at the counter while Henri and George are sprawled out on the couch getting friendly with **Vanessa** and **Anouchka**, two young Eastern European women. One strokes his crotch while the other kisses him on the mouth.

ERWAN (totally stressed out, fingering his obsidian)
Tokyo opened +1.25%! Now it's up to London, our last hope!

60. INT NIGHT. APARTMENT.

Sibylle walks in circles in the middle of the room, biting her nails, her cell phone glued to her ear.

SIBYLLE
Kisses!

She hangs up and whips her phone at the couch in frustration. She looks at the clock. 4 AM. She rummages around in her drawer, finds a bottle, opens it and nervously pops a pill into her mouth.

61. INT NIGHT. BAR. LOUNGE.

Erwan is standing at the window. Henri, Vanessa and Anouchka are sprawled on the couch.

NATACHA (O.S.)

What a pig!

Everyone turns towards Natacha who storms into the lounge.

NATACHA

Girls, I'm leaving!

ERWAN (to Natacha)

What's going on? Where's Georges?!

NATACHA (to Erwan)

*In the bathroom! Next time make sure your friend's
housebroken!*

She takes off to the stunned looks of Henri, Anouchka and Vanessa.

62.INT NIGHT. BAR. RESTROOM.

Erwan arrives in the restroom. A half-naked Georges is on his knees with his head in the toilet puking his guts out. His BlackBerry beeps again. Erwan looks at the screen and goes white:
04:00 AM. LONDON OPEN : +0.85%.

ERWAN (his head drops back, eyes closed)

No!

63.EXT DAWN. NEW YORK CITY.

Sunrise over New York.

64. .INT MORNING. BANK. FLOOR MANAGER'S OFFICE.

The entire floor is staring at Erwan and Georges, flanked by two security guards, as they stand in front of William, seated at his desk. The back office employee is present as well. William's holding the sheet Erwan signed.

ERWAN

Ok, we screwed up, but it's not the first time...

WILLIAM (waving the paper in their faces)

This time you lost 30 million dollars!

ERWAN

*Give us another day... Tomorrow we'll make 300!
It'll turn around. We're going to earn on the puts,
it's guaranteed!*

WILLIAM

You fuck-ups are gonna sink the entire bank!

GEORGES (affable)
Don't get upset, I can explain...

WILLIAM
There's nothing to explain! You covered up your operations and exceeded your authorized limits. You're fired and you can explain it all to a judge!

GEORGES (stunned)
You can't do that, William! After all the years we've known each other...

WILLIAM
You shouldn't have tried to fuck me over!

GEORGES
We'll be blacklisted on every market! We'll never find work again!

WILLIAM
You'll serve as an example to everyone!

GEORGES
Please, William, give us one last chance.

WILLIAM
You're through! Clear out!

ERWAN (grabbing William by the collar)
You bastard! You've made hundreds of millions thanks to us!

William shoves him off.

WILLIAM (his lip bleeding, waves at the security guards)
Get 'em outta here! I want them outta my sight!

The two security guards grab Erwan and drag him out of the room, followed by Georges.

ERWAN (turning back)
You're gonna pay for this, asshole!

65.INT MORNING. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan and Georges are marched to their desks to pack up their things in boxes. There's a pause in the frenetic activity of the room as the hundred or so traders watch them in stony silence. Tony looks on helplessly. Sarah watches with compassion. Ken and Chang eye them scornfully.

66.EXT MORNING. BANK. PLAZA.

Erwan and Georges leave the building each carrying a box of their personal affairs. The sun's shining. A cool breeze blows between the buildings.

ERWAN (to Georges)
Coffee?...

GEORGES (despondent)
I'm going home... I need to sleep...

ERWAN
You sure?

Georges nods.

ERWAN (patting him on the shoulder)
I'll call you tonight...

Erwan watches Georges trudge off.

67.EXT MORNING. BRIGHTON BEACH..

Erwan sits on a bench gazing out at the ocean.

68.EXT DAY. JERSEY CITY. HOUSE. STREET.

Georges sits motionless in his car, staring off into space. He listens to the sounds of domestic life emanating from the house – kids shouting and a mother scolding.

69. EXT DAY. BRIGHTON BEACH.

Erwan's cell rings.

ERWAN
Tony?!...

TONY
The market flipped, we were right!...

Erwan leaps to his feet.

ERWAN (stifling a shout)
Fuckin' A!... I'll call Georges!

70.EXT DAY. JERSEY CITY. HOUSE. STREET.

Georges is still at the wheel of his parked car. He pulls a gun from the glove compartment and presses the barrel to his temple.

71.EXT DAY. BRIGHTON BEACH.

Erwan dials a number on his cell.

72.INT DAY. HOUSE. KITCHEN.

Georges's wife is cooking when she hears an explosion outside. She pauses. The kids stop playing in the dining room.

73.EXT DAY. BATTERY PARK.

Erwan has his cell to his ear. It keeps ringing.

74.EXT DAY. JERSEY CITY. GEORGE'S HOUSE.

Georges's wife runs out into the street and freezes when she discovers the scene. She hugs the kids to her. Inside the blood-splattered car, we hear a cell phone ringing.

75.INT DAY. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

Erwan stands at the window holding a drink, watching the employees of Universal Market Bank filing in one by one to offer their condolences to Georges' wife and kids. After paying their respects, they join the other mourners at the buffet table.

Henri comes over and taps him on the shoulder when William comes in. He goes over to Georges' wife to shake her hand then shoots a defiant look at Erwan.

76.EXT DAY. JERSEY CITY. HOUSE. STREET.

Just as Erwan is about to climb into his car, Sarah calls out to him.

SARAH
Erwan!

Erwan stops and turns around. Sarah joins him.

SARAH
I heard they dropped the law suit.

ERWAN
Too late now.

SARAH
What are you going to do?

ERWAN
I don't know.

SARAH
If you ever want to go back to the market, don't forget I've got contacts.

ERWAN (nodding)
Thanks...

79.INT DAY. LOFT. ROOM.

Erwan is at his dresser emptying out the drawers and tossing his clothes into a big suitcase.

80.EXT DAY. SKY. HELICOPTER.

A helicopter flies over a mountain. On board, Erwan is getting ready to jump. He looks concentrated as he stares off into space. He's got a wingsuit and a mono parachute on.

ERWAN (waving at the pilot)
Here I go!

He tucks his obsidian inside the suit then jumps. He glides like a bird over the mountain, followed by the helicopter.

81.EXT DAY. SKY.

Erwan comes gliding over the crest of the mountain. We see his shadow race along on the snow-covered surface of the summit. He's only 4 or 5 meters up.

... Erwan whizzes by over the crest at 180 km/h. He emerges over a valley where a few people are watching him. Suddenly, he spots a W-shape in the outline of the mountains. Now the W looks very clear, begins to waver, come closer then recedes. His sight starts to blur.

82.INT DAY. LOFT.

Erwan lies on the bed. He's unshaven and his arm's in a cast. He looks at Sibylle who's sitting beside the bed. He rubs his neck and scowls.

SIBYLLE
I was so scared... I left you tons of messages, you
never replied... I thought you were mad at me...
That you were blaming me...

Sibylle takes his hands. They gaze into each other's eyes. They lean in close. She strokes his face then kisses him.

ERWAN (inconsolable)
It's my fault, I never should have gotten him
involved!... It was too risky...

SIBYLLE
You couldn't know what he was going to do...

ERWAN
If only that asshole William hadn't closed our
positions at the worst moment... In a matter of
hours, we'd have ruled the market... And Georges
would still be here ...

SIBYLLE
No use rehashing the past, we can't change
anything... It's time to turn the page.

ERWAN (resolved)
No Sibylle, we're going to show them we were right.

Sibylle gives him a puzzled look.

SIBYLLE
What do you want to do?

ERWAN
We can predict stock prices. We've got proof. Now,
we're going to conquer the market.

83.EXT MORNING. NEW YORK CITY. CLUBHOUSE. STREET.

Erwan gets out of the taxi in front of an old fashioned exclusive private club.

84.INT MORNING. CLUBHOUSE. FOYER AND HALLWAYS.

A butler leads him to the private lounges. There are businessmen left and right, sitting in armchairs or gathered around coffee tables, deep in discussion.

85.INT MORNING. CLUBHOUSE. PRIVATE LOUNGE.

A butler comes up to Erwan.

BUTLER
*Good morning sir, welcome to Saint James Club.
What can I do for you?*

ERWAN
I have an appointment with Mr. Bradigan.

BUTLER (motioning)
He should be in the back, at his usual place.

Arthur Bradigan, a man of about fifty, is ensconced in a big leather armchair reading a newspaper, enjoying a cigar and glass of whiskey. The butler leads Erwan into the room.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN
Mr. Kermor, I presume?

Erwan nods. Arthur Bradigan gets up and shakes Erwan's hand, giving him the once-over.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (gesturing)
Sit down...
(slightly ironic)
*So, just like that, Sarah tells me you want to start a
hedge fund...*

Erwan smiles shyly, ill-at-ease in his tie.

ERWAN

Yes, I've discovered a revolutionary model...

ARTHUR BRADIGAN

You're not the first, you know. In the forty years I've been on the markets, I've seen hundreds like you who think they've found the Holy Grail. They build up hedge funds, then get wiped out a few months later.

ERWAN

I can assure you my model's rock solid. I tested it. It's the real deal!

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (coldly)

I'd love to believe you. Sarah wouldn't have recommended you if you were a clown... I just wanted to caution you. But let's cut to the chase. I've got a board meeting in half an hour. How much leverage do you want?

ERWAN

I've got a 5 million deposit... I need 25 million to get started.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN

A leverage of 5 to start, that's a lot.

ERWAN

My goal is 20% performance per year. I have to play it large.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (surprised)

I don't know many funds on the market capable of that kind of performance.

ERWAN

My model's a sure thing.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (incredulous)

If you say so! What guarantees can you give me?

ERWAN (thinks about it)

I'm ready to mortgage my loft and all my accounts... That comes to about 5 million...

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (reflects a moment, then smiles)
Sarah wasn't kidding, you certainly are ambitious! I like that. Do you have office space?

ERWAN
Not yet.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (handing him his card)
Call Edward on my behalf and tell him you have my blessing. You can work out the details with him.

87.INT DAY. UNIVERSITY. LAB.

Sibylle is standing by the window while Antoine sits at his desk.

ANTOINE (incredulous)
You can't be serious?

SIBYLLE
Absolutely!

ANTOINE
Predict market prices?

SIBYLLE
We manage to predict the weather...

ANTOINE
That's totally different! The laws of nature don't apply to humans!

SIBYLLE
That's exactly what I'm going to test in a life-sized experiment. And I'm going to prove just the opposite.

ANTOINE (dumbfounded)
Bullshit!

SIBYLLE
It works, Antoine! You don't have to believe me, but it works!

ANTOINE
Listen Sibylle, I don't know what kind of divine mission you're on, but I hope you've weighed the consequences it could have on your career.

SIBYLLE
If I don't leave now, I'll regret it my whole life.

88.INT EVENING. FUND.

Erwan and Sibylle are busy working in their new offices on the top floor of a skyscraper with a view out over Manhattan.

Three clocks show the global market times of London, New York and Tokyo.

At the back of the room, there's a blinking column behind a glass door on which is written:

BLACK BOX : RESTRICTED AREA

The floor is littered with pink Financial Times, wadded up balls of paper, transaction tickets and piles of financial magazines and reviews.

The anonymous voices of traders shouting out their purchase and sale orders blare forth from the squawk boxes.

Erwan glances at the P&L listing 500,000 dollars, then turns to Sibylle.

ERWAN (turning to Sibylle)
What's the trend?

SIBYLLE (staring at the screen where a cluster of bright dots appears)
The model confirms the upward swing, it should continue to rise.

Erwan leans over his box.

ERWAN (to Henri)
We'll hold our position until close!

HENRI (O.S.)
You should take your profits, it could drop any minute.

ERWAN
I'm staying till the end.

HENRI (O.S.)
Your call!

He kisses his obsidian.

Erwan glances at the clock. 5 PM.

ERWAN (mumbling to himself, his eyes glued to the stock prices that seem to hesitate, rise, drop, then rise again)
Rise, damn it, rise!...

Sibylle stands behind him watching over his shoulder. The stock prices begin shooting up dramatically. Erwan watches the clock tick off the last few seconds.

ERWAN (overexcited)
We're good, it's coming, it's coming!

At 5:30, the closing price appears on the screen. Erwan looks at his P&L. 800,000.

ERWAN (raising his fist and shouting)
Yes, 800,000 dollars at close!

The voices in the squawk box grow softer. Erwan leans back in his chair, exhausted. Sibylle comes over to kiss him. Erwan hugs her.

HENRI (in the squawk box)
Erwan, you bastard! You hit the jackpot again!

SIBYLLE (to Erwan)
You want to go jump?

HENRI
Erwan?...

ERWAN (surprised, to Sibylle)
You want to?

Sibylle nods and smiles. Erwan gets up to join her.

HENRI
Erwan! You there?!

Erwan and Sibylle slip on their coats and leave the office.

89.EXT MORNING. AIRPLANE. SKY.

Erwan is positioned to the left of Sibylle in the plane with the door open. He's got one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip. They're waiting for the departure signal. Sibylle looks at him, gives him the thumbs up then leaps out, pulling Erwan along with her.

90.EXT MORNING. SKY.

Once he's stabilized, Erwan passes opposite Sibylle and grabs her shoulders. He lets go one hand, then another. Sibylle drifts backwards as soon as he lets her go. Erwan corrects her arm positions with his hands. Then he lets her go again. She remains stable. She flashes him a huge smile and gives him two thumbs up.

91.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Sarah is studying the funds rankings in Financial Times. She picks up her phone.

ERWAN (O.S.)
Erwan Kermor...

SARAH
It's Sarah!

ERWAN (O.S.)
Sarah! What a nice surprise.

SARAH
I see you're in pole position.

ERWAN (O.S.)
Yeah, you see that?!

SARAH
Congratulations!... You know, I think your fund might interest my clients.

ERWAN (O.S.)
Is that a proposal?

SARAH
What do you think?

51.INT DAY. FUND.

Erwan hangs up.

ERWAN (grinning widely at Sibylle)
That was Sarah! She's been on the stock market for fifteen years, she knows every investor on Wall Street!

52.INT EVENING. BANK. FLOOR MANAGER'S OFFICE.

William is working quietly at his computer when Sarah steps into his office. He smiles broadly at her sexy outfit. Sarah tosses a letter on the table, smiling.

WILLIAM (surprised)
What's this?

SARAH
My resignation letter.

He tosses it back at her.

WILLIAM (paternalistic)
Think before you do something stupid.

SARAH (tossing the letter back at him)
I received an offer I couldn't refuse.

WILLIAM
Oh really? From whom may I ask?

SARAH
The Flying Fund.

WILLIAM
A hedge fund.

Sarah nods.

WILLIAM
Never heard of it...Who's the manager?

WILLIAM
Erwan Kermor. Sound familiar?

William is dumbstruck. Sarah strolls out wiggling her hips.

WILLIAM (gritting his teeth)
Little bitch!

94.EXT DAY. LUXURY HOTEL. ENTRANCE.

Luxury cars and taxis come down the bypass and pull up before the entrance of a manor. They're greeted by valets.

95.INT DAY. LUXURY HOTEL. VESTIBULE.

The guests are welcomed by a hostess who checks their names off a list and gives them each a folder. **Harold Dune**, a man in a three-piece suit, arrives.

96.INT DAY. LUXURY HOTEL. CONFERENCE ROOM.

When he enters the conference room that's already quite full, Sarah is at the podium with Sibylle. She greets Harold Dune.

SIBYLLE
Who's that?

SARAH
Harold Dune. He wants to be among the 500 richest men in America.

SIBYLLE
Who are the others?

SARAH
Besides the big fortunes, they're all the major institutions, from insurance to investment funds.

53.INT JOUR. LUXURY HOTEL. RESTROOM.

Erwan, extremely tense, paces through the restroom while he fingers his obsidian. Suddenly he stops in front of the mirror. He studies his face. Not good. He grabs the edge of the sink with both hands and leans towards the mirror. Suddenly Sibylle opens the door.

SIBYLLE

What are you doing? They're all here, it's time to go...

ERWAN (splashing water on his face)
Coming...

She steps over to him.

SIBYLLE (stroking his hair as he wipes his face with a towel)
You ok?

He turns round to look at her.

ERWAN
Just a little nervous...

She hugs him, then kisses him on the mouth as she unzips his fly. He lifts her onto the edge of the sink and she opens her thighs.

98.INT DAY. LUXURY HOTEL. CONFERENCE ROOM.

Erwan stands at the podium facing the guests next to a big screen where a graph that charts performance in function of risk is being projected. Below the screen, Sarah and Sibylle are seated at a table behind name cards.

ERWAN
To conclude my presentation, here's the performance graph...

With a red laser, Erwan points to a lone dot outside the cluster of other dots.

ERWAN
...As you can see, the Flying Fund, here, clearly stands out from all its competitors.

There's a murmur in the room.

ERWAN (heading back to his seat)
Now I'll be happy to answer any questions.

Hostesses circulate through the rows with microphones, scanning the faces. At the back of the room, a 50-year-old South American in sunglasses raises his hand. One of the hostesses goes over and hands him the microphone.

MR. MENDOZA (clearing his throat)

I don't know if there's much truth to these rumors, but I heard something about you losing a lot of money six months ago. Was that with your model?

ERWAN (trying to stifle his anger)

I'd like to thank you for asking that question since it finally gives me a chance to set the record straight. I had to close our position too early because of our trading limits and risk management. If we'd had one more day, we would have earned the bank's biggest bonus.

SARAH

I can confirm that. At the time, I was working in the same bank, just two rows from his desk. I didn't even think twice when the opportunity came up to leave my bank and join him.

MR. MENDOZA

Does that mean you have something against risk management and limits?

ERWAN

Not at all! We've integrated them into our model. We optimized them – it's tailor-made.

SARAH

Other questions?

A man of about fifty stands up and waves his hand. One of the hostesses comes over to give him the mike.

MR. FOX

My question is for Sibylle Mahler. I'd like to know a little more about your management process. What type of model do you use, a classic stochastic model or a one belonging to a later generation?

Sibylle looks awkwardly at Erwan.

ERWAN

I'm sorry, but we can't answer that kind of question. We're not here to unveil secrets for the competition.

MR. FOX

I would think that as potential investors, we have a right to a certain amount of information. As for me, I won't put my money in a black box...

ERWAN

If you want guarantees, look at my performance numbers, they speak for themselves.

Mr. Fox sits back down, trying not to lose his temper. Another man takes the floor.

HAROLD DUNE

I don't care if you use tarot cards or if you run it all through some computer, the only thing that counts for me is performance. You ask us to trust you based on performance alone, but it's our money you're risking! What's your personal investment in your fund? How much of your personal assets are involved?

ERWAN (exhilarated)

I put everything I own into this project. I invested all my goods and assets in the fund, even my loft. I'm back, and I'm going to beat the market...

A murmur of approval runs through the room.

99. INT DAY. FUND. RESEARCH ROOM.

Sibylle sits in front of her computer nibbling on a chocolate bar. Through the bay window, she watches as Sarah hands a pile of faxes to Erwan then turns around. Erwan sets down his sandwich, pats Tony – who's sitting next to him – on the back, then turns to Sibylle with a huge smile. He gets up and hurries over to the research room.

ERWAN (euphoric, showing the faxes one by one)
I've got more new subscriptions!... From all over the world! Look! London, Paris, Geneva, Tokyo, and even sovereign wealth funds!

SIBYLLE (her smile fades)
More?

ERWAN
What's the problem? We're nearing a billion, can you believe it? A billion in our hands!

SIBYLLE
We're going to have to multiply our positions...

ERWAN (gesturing at the cabinets of blinking servers and the Asians working around them)
We increased the black box's computation power by three and hired two new computer scientists. That should do it, don't you think?

SIBYLLE

Sure. If I can adapt the model to the currencies, rates and raw materials, we should be able to invest all our subscriptions.

ERWAN

I trust you!

Sibylle gives him a puzzled look as he leaves. For a moment, she's lost in thought, then turns to her computer anxiously. She opens a drawer, pulls out a bottle of pills and pops one into her mouth.

100.INT DAY. RESTAURANT. DINING ROOM.

Erwan, Henri and Sarah are seated at a table in the middle of a large restaurant. Erwan seems really tense.

HENRI

You ok, Erwan?

(to Sarah, teasingly)

Ever since we entered the big league, he's gotten all serious.

ERWAN

I'm waiting for news...

HENRI

But there aren't any figures expected...

SARAH (ironically, to Erwan)

Well look who we have here?!... William and Miller, the treasurer of Texan Chemical Company.

Erwan looks over in the direction she indicates. William, Kate and a client, **Mr. Miller**, are being led by a hostess to a table at the other end of the room. Erwan stiffens immediately when their gazes meet.

101.INT DAY. RESTAURANT. DINING ROOM.

Erwan has barely touched his food. Suddenly, cell phones start ringing one after the other at the tables around him. His own starts vibrating. He pulls it from his pocket, looks at the name and answers.

ERWAN

Tony, what's going on?!

102.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Tony watches the Fed chairman's face on TV.

TONY (overexcited)

It's taking off! The chairman of the Fed just announced the credit risk was underestimated. Everyone's buying protection. Spreads are rocketing. We're already at 20 million P&L!

ERWAN (O.S.)

Sibylle! What's the trend?

SIBYLLE (on the phone, looking at her screen)

The model confirms the upsurge on credit ratings, the spreads should continue to rise.

103.INT DAY. RESTAURANT. DINING ROOM.

ERWAN (watching the curve go up on his I-phone)

Stick with our position!

Erwan stays on the phone. All around him, people are getting up hastily and excusing themselves, barely taking the time to wipe their mouths and toss their napkins on the table. His gaze catches William's, who's got his cell to his ear.

WILLIAM

Get your ass in gear and find a price!

KEN (O.S.)

Be right back!

104.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW OF DESKS.

Ken is on the phone, standing before his squawk boxes. He glances at the P&L.

KEN (shouting into the box)

Give me a price for 1 billion on "Main"!...

JOHN (in the squawk box)
Everyone's trying to hedge, you've all got the same position!

CHANG (furious)
Hurry the fuck up!

WILLIAM (O.S.)
How much are we losing?!

105.INT. DAY. RESTAURANT. DINING ROOM.

KEN (O.S.)
200 million!

WILLIAM (loudly)
Dump everything!

KEN (to William)
If we dump now, we lose all our returns for the year.

WILLIAM
You got twenty seconds to cut everything, otherwise you're out of a job, starting now!

The diners at nearby tables are uncomfortable but the waiters don't dare intervene.

106.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW OF DESKS.

KEN (in a panic, shouting at his broker in the squawk box)
*Buy protection on a billion of Main at market price!
Gimme a price, goddamn it!*

107.INT DAY. RESTAURANT. DINING ROOM.

Still on the phone, William's eyes are locked on Erwan.

ERWAN
How much did we make now?!

TONY (jubilant)
100 million!

ERWAN (radiant)
Ok, sell it all! Let's cash in and get out!

Erwan puts his phone and BlackBerry away in his pocket and raises a fist in victory. William glares at him.

ERWAN (to the wine steward)
A bottle of your best champagne.

(to Henri)
This one's on me!

MR. MILLER (to William, nodding his head
towards Erwan)
One man's trash is another man's treasure.

WILLIAM (tosses his napkin on the table, gets up
and holds out his hand to Mr. Miller)
Excuse me, but I need to get back to the office.

William shakes Mr. Miller's hand and storms out. Erwan bows at him mockingly and Sarah tips her hat.

Erwan pops the cork on the champagne and sprays it around the room. Once it's poured, he raises his glass in a toast.

ERWAN (with a wink)
To the Flying Fund!

107B.EXT EVENING. AIRPLANE. SKY.

As the sun sets over the horizon, Sibylle leaps from a diving plane. Erwan follows suit.

108.EXT EVENING. SKY.

She stabilizes then waves towards the sun. She starts "drifting" and puts her arms alongside her body, gliding toward the sunset. Erwan watches her zoom away. He looks at his altimeter and drifts over to meet her. Little by little, he catches up. He positions himself beside her. They face each other and grab hands. Their faces beam. Sibylle looks at her altimeter and opens her parachute like an expert. Erwan watches her disappear above as his parachute opens.

109.INT DAY. CLUBHOUSE.

Businessmen are gathered in the lounge. They stand before the fire or sit in big armchairs in clusters of two or three, drinking cognac or smoking cigars. Among them we see Arthur Bradigan, Harry Hunt and the Federal Reserve Chairman. As the chairman takes some tobacco from the ram's head in the middle of the table, Arthur Bradigan reads his Wall Street Journal.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (admiringly)
When you ask him what his secret is, the new Wall Street wizard declares, « Behind the apparently random movement of the market, I can make out an invisible logic with my bare eyes ».

HARRY HUNT
I don't trust these charlatans who act like they've found the Philosopher's Stone. They're just gamblers playing Russian roulette.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (shaking his head in disagreement)
40% up since last year! You call that a charlatan? I can tell you that in my 20 years on the market, I've never seen such talent.

HARRY HUNT
His fund's only been around for one year. How do you know it's not just luck?

ARTHUR BRADIGAN
I'm telling you, there's something more... No one predicted the credit crash. Except for him. Mr Chairman isn't about to tell me the contrary...

CHAIRMAN
I admit I was surprised myself. And I've got a few Nobel Prize-winners among my advisors... I had to take emergency measures to warn the markets in danger.

110A.INT DAY. BANK. FLOOR MANAGER'S OFFICE.

William's in his chair talking to Harry Hunt on the phone.

WILLIAM (pathetic)
It's all a bluff, you know that. This guy's a con. He'll go up in flames before the year's over!

110B. INT DAY. CLUBHOUSE.

Harry Hunt, on his cell phone, paces in circles off away from the other club members.

HARRY HUNT (snapping)
I prefer a con over incompetence. I should have put this guy in his place back when we had the chance... Meanwhile, you'd better get with the program or else you're out...

110C. INT DAY. BANK. FLOOR MANAGER'S OFFICE.

WILLIAM
But I...

Harry Hunt hangs up. William sinks back in his chair, his face haggard.

111.INT DAY. BANK. MORNING MEETING ROOM.

Douglas and all the traders from the room are gathered in front of William.

WILLIAM (waving the Wall Street Journal)
That son of a bitch is parading around in first place, way ahead of everyone else. Starting now, we've got one objective. Catch the Flying Fund and beat it.
(to Douglas)
Douglas! Quit dicking around with your half-ass studies. Put that shit away and focus on the Flying Fund! I want to know everything there is to know about his model!
(to the traders)
As for the rest of you, talk to the brokers, see what you can find out, follow all his positions. I want results! If we haven't hit target by the end of the year, believe me, there'll be hell to pay! Now get to work! I'll have his ass!

The traders silently file out of the room.

112.INT EVENING. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan and Tony are in front of their computers when the phone rings. Tony answers.

TONY
Hello? (...) Sibylle Mahler? ...

Erwan looks up questioningly.

TONY
Who shall I say is calling? (...) Paul Kendall? ... From Science Magazine. (...) I'll put you through...

Erwan frowns. He turns to look through the bay window into the research room where Sibylle is busy at the computers. She picks up the phone.

ERWAN (out loud, musing)
Science Magazine? ...
(to Tony)
Turn on the speaker-phone!

Tony obeys. Erwan and Tony listen carefully to "Paul"'s voice in the speaker-phone.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
I'm sincerely impressed with your work...

SIBYLLE (O.S.)
You're just being nice...

Erwan shoots Tony a worried look.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

No, I swear. We could work together...

SIBYLLE (O.S.)

On what?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

I'd rather discuss it in person. Are you free to meet for lunch this week?...

ERWAN (to Tony)

It's Douglas !

SIBYLLE (O.S.)

I'm not sure...

Erwan picks up the phone.

ERWAN (threatening)

Douglas, what do you think you're doing?!

112 B. INT DAY BANK. TRADING ROOM.

DOUGLAS (surprised)

Erwan ?!... How are you?

112 C. INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

ERWAN (aggressive)

Listen up, you son of a bitch. If you ever try to contact her again, I'll have the cops on your ass, got it? Now get lost!

Erwan slams down the phone while Sibylle looks at him quizzically through the window.

113.EXT DAY. MONTREAL. MONT ROYAL.

Sibylle walks along a path with Antoine.

ANTOINE

It's nice you came to see me.

SIBYLLE

Gets me out of the office. I'm really stressed out these days.

ANTOINE
The price of success.

SIBYLLE (surprised)
How'd you know?

ANTOINE
I've been keeping track of you... Besides, I've been getting some pretty strange visits lately.

Sibylle looks at him worriedly.

ANTOINE
These guys came to ask me about your research.
They were even ready to pay for information.

SIBYLLE (aghast)
I hope you didn't tell them anything?!

ANTOINE
You know me. I'm not much of a snitch...
At any rate, to hear them talk, you've found the
Philosopher's Stone.

SIBYLLE (grinning)
Are you starting to take me seriously now?

ANTOINE
Let's just say I've been thinking.

114.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

In the room, the traders are talking with their neighbors in little clusters around their screens.
Chang is studying his screens and Ken is leaning over the squawk boxes.

JOHN (in the squawk box)
*Ken?!... Henri's looking to buy big in 1yr Eurostoxx
vol! I get the feeling Erwan's on it.*

KEN
You sure, John? Last time, it was a crock of shit.

JOHN (voice in the boxes)
Your call, but if I were you, I wouldn't wait.

KEN (after getting Chang's approval, he looks up
and pulls off his headset calling out to William in
the middle of the room)
*William! I think we got Erwan on Eurostoxx! Do we
follow?*

Everyone in the room turns towards Ken. The traders set their phones down. William, who's standing two rows behind Ken and Chang, walks over to them.

WILLIAM (to Ken)

Perfect! Lift 10 million vega. We're going to beat that son of a bitch!

115.INT DAY. FUNDS. TRADING ROOM.

Tony watches the Eurostoxx index start skyrocketing after merely rising slowly.

HENRI (in the squawk box)

Tony, I could only buy 50 million vega!

TONY

You shitting me?! I put the order in for 100 million?!

HENRI

Nobody's selling, look, volatilities are skyrocketing, it looks like everyone's got the same position as you! If I keep buying, the price'll drop, I'll lift the offers!

ERWAN

I told you to keep a low profile, and now everyone's buying with us!

HENRI (in the squawk box)

How do you want to keep a low profile with a position of 100 million? You need to cut back!

ERWAN

I've got two billion to invest. Think I got a choice?

He slams the phone down on the desk and stands up. Erwan paces in circles as Tony looks on.

116.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM. ROW.

William stands behind Ken and Chang.

KEN

Done! We sold back our 10m vega 5 vols above our entry price. We made 50 million off that little shit!

WILLIAM

Good job, boys! Next time let's pull out all the stops. That bastard's gotta learn to share!

117.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

ERWAN (to Tony)
How much did we make on this one?

Tony looks at the P&L. 10 million is listed next to “Goal: 50 million”.

TONY (glancing at his screen)
10 million.

ERWAN (gets up and kicks his chair)
Fuck, those sharks are everywhere! They’re eating
our ass. Our numbers keep dropping!
(turns to Sibylle who’s studying her screens behind
the bay window)
We need more positions!

118.INT DAY. FUND. RESEARCH ROOM.

Erwan storms over to the research room and goes in. Sibylle, chocolate in hand, is startled and jumps.

ERWAN (insistent)
What the fuck are you doing?! We’re still waiting
for your positions!

SIBYLLE
It’s coming! I’m waiting for the results of the
foreign exchange market...

She hands him a few sheets sitting on the table. He studies them, knits his brow.

ERWAN
We haven’t even invested 10% of our new
subscriptions!

SIBYLLE
That’s because there are ten times more than last
month!

ERWAN (irritated)
What’d we drop 2 million in computers for?!

SIBYLLE (gesturing at Black Box)
I’m running the model on all the world’s markets. It
can’t go any faster. I’m not a miracle worker!

ERWAN
Don’t forget the board meeting’s in one month. You
better get your fucking model to move a little faster!

SIBYLLE (falling apart)
Can't you see I'm at the end of my rope?

ERWAN (ruthlessly)
If you quit popping pills all the time, maybe you'd
be more on top of things!

Sibylle leaps to her feet and throws the papers angrily.

SIBYLLE (furious)
If I'm not good enough, why don't you go find
somebody else!

She grabs her coat and storms out while Erwan looks on, flabbergasted.

119.EXT DAY. NEW YORK CITY. CENTRAL PARK.

Sibylle sits down on a bench. She watches the pigeons take flight as people walk down the lanes. She pulls a bottle out of her purse and swallows a pill.

120.INT NIGHT. LOFT.

Erwan paces back and forth in the lamp light.

121.INT NIGHT. LOFT

Suddenly Erwan hears the sound of a car pulling up in front of the building. A door slams, footsteps, then a key in the lock. Sibylle opens the door and comes in. Erwan looks at her apprehensively.

ERWAN
Where were you? I've been waiting all night.

She takes off her coat without a word and heads toward the bedroom.

ERWAN
Sibylle, I'm sorry, I don't know what got into me...

Erwan follows her into the room.

ERWAN (awkwardly)
It won't happen again, promise.

Sibylle stands staring out the window. She won't look at him.

SIBYLLE
You've changed, Erwan. I don't recognize you
anymore.

ERWAN
It's because of them, they're all out to get me. They
want my hide...

SIBYLLE (turning around)
That's no reason to take it out on me!

ERWAN
I'm taking it out on you because without you, I'm
helpless...

Sibylle looks away.

ERWAN
I need you, you know that...

He steps towards her and grabs her shoulders.

ERWAN
Don't leave me, Sibylle...

Sibylle studies him then strokes his hair.

ERWAN (leaning into her)
Forgive me.

They kiss passionately, tumble onto the bed and start pulling each other's clothes off.

122. INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Chang and Ken wait nervously before their screens.

JOHN (in the squawk box)
Ken?!...

Ken leans over the box.

JOHN (O.S.)
... There's a huge order on the Dec 9 Eurodollar!

CHANG
Finally, what took him so long?

KEN (standing up, to William in the middle of the
room)
Huge order on the Dec 9 Eurodollar?

WILLIAM (shouting through the room)
*It's gotta be him, I can feel it! Let's go big. 500
million!*

KEN (looking at William)
That exceeds our limits!

WILLIAM (confidently)
We're not going to sit back and watch while that bastard makes a killing!

The traders hesitate then let themselves get swept up in William's enthusiasm.

123.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan and Tony are standing before their desks.

ERWAN
What did you sell the Dec 9 Eurodollars for?

TONY
96.35, couldn't do any better!

ERWAN
We lost our profits. They cleaned us out again.

TONY (pointing at the screen)
Look how it collapsed. Everyone sold before us!

ERWAN
We don't have any other positions... What'd we make in October?

TONY (clicking on one of his screens)
Barely 0.5% up.

ERWAN
We're not gonna hold out for very long like this. We haven't made anything for three months, the clients are going to get suspicious!

TONY
We need to scale it down, we're too big. The whole market is following us.

ERWAN
Impossible. We can't function with baby steps. With 2 billion to manage, we need to make 500 million dollars a year if we want to keep our performance at 40%. We've got no choice!

Suddenly the door opens and Sarah appears.

ERWAN (to Tony, gesturing)
Mum's the word!

She takes off her coat and joins them.

SARAH

Hey Erwan, when are you going to validate the numbers for October? I just had lunch with Arthur Bradigan, he's starting to get impatient.

ERWAN (his eyes glued to his screens)

I've got other things to do than the accounting!

SARAH

One month late. That's the legal max!

ERWAN

If he's not happy, he can go fuck himself!

SARAH

If that's how you plan to talk to him at the board meeting tomorrow, I wish you luck!

Erwan glares at her as she sails out of the room. He turns to Sibylle, leaning against her computer on the other side of the bay window.

124.INT EVENING. FUND. RESEARCH ROOM.

Erwan heads into the research room. Dozens and dozens of crumpled up graphs are strewn all over the floor.

ERWAN

Where you at? We don't have any more positions!

SIBYLLE (bags under her eyes)

We're going from bad to worse. I can't get anything anymore...

ERWAN

Give me something, anything, I can't wait any longer!

SIBYLLE

Look! It's finished. It's impossible to make anything out anymore...

Erwan steps towards the screen where clouds of dots are taking shape and dissolving.

ERWAN

Did you optimize the filter?

SIBYLLE
Yeah... Look...

Sibylle types away at the keyboard. The screen seems to brighten a moment and a constellation of dots appears but then other dots quickly emerge and blur it until it's nothing but mass of confusion once again.

SIBYLLE
See, it's doing it again. It's like that every time. It searches, but gets lost in the noise.

ERWAN
How long would you need to fix it?

SIBYLLE
Fix it?! There's nothing to fix!... It's not the computer...

ERWAN
What then?

SIBYLLE
The market's caught up with us. Everyone's following us, the model can't predict anything anymore!

ERWAN (grasping his head)
This can't be happening! What am I going to tell the board?

SIBYLLE
The truth! Tell them the model's dead.

ERWAN
Impossible...

SIBYLLE
We've earned enough already. We liquidate the fund and get out.

ERWAN
So you're out to get me too?!

SIBYLLE
What are you talking about?

ERWAN (his eyes flash)
You're on their side now, is that it?

SIBYLLE

Erwan, what's got into you?

ERWAN

They brainwashed you. You're all against me. I can see it clearly now!

She steps towards him and reaches for his arm.

ERWAN (pushing her away)

Let go! You won't get me, you hear!?

Sibylle jumps in shock as Erwan bangs out and storms across the trading room while Tony looks on in bafflement. He slams the door. Tony turns to Sibylle who's paralyzed with fear.

125.EXT EVENING. NEW YORK. STREET.

Erwan, racing through the street. He zig-zags between the other pedestrians. He bumps into someone, snarls an insult and keeps going.

126.INT EVENING. FUND. RESEARCH ROOM.

Sibylle tries to reach Erwan on his cell but no luck.

127.EXT EVENING. NEW YORK. STREET.

Erwan is still wandering through the streets.

128.INT NIGHT. LOFT.

Sibylle opens the door and flips on the light. She plops down on the couch.

129.EXT NIGHT. NEW YORK. BRIGHTON BEACH.

Erwan stares out at the ocean.

130A.INT DAY. FUND. ENTRANCE.

SARAH

Where were you ? We've been waiting for a half hour... I hope you've got the figures.

ERWAN

Don't worry, everything's set!

SARAH

Where's Sibylle? She's not with you?

ERWAN

No... She's sick.

130B.INT DAY. FUND. BOARD MEETING ROOM.

The trustees are gathered around the table. Erwan, cleanshaven, slips his USB into the computer in front of him.

SARAH (exchanging a smile with Erwan)

I apologize that Sibylle couldn't be here this morning, she's home with the flu. I'll turn things over to Erwan who's going to talk about performances.

Erwan gets up to speak.

ERWAN

Thank you, Sarah. I know what you're all waiting for and I won't keep you in suspense any longer. As you can see, last month's figures ...

He clicks on the screen. Behind him, the graph on the screen shows the rocketing progression of the Flying Fund's performance.

ERWAN

... are + 3%, which should put us at 40-55% for the end of the year.

There's a clamor of enthusiasm. The board members smile then begin to applaud.

HAROLD DUNE

Bravo, Erwan, you're the best!... In the name of all the trustees, I'd like to congratulate you on your exceptional performance.

The trustees break into huge grins.

HAROLD DUNE

And if you'll agree, I'm willing to invest 500 million more in your fund.

MR. MENDOZA (raising his hand)

And me, 600 million!

MR. MILLER (hand raised)

I'll join you with another 400 million!

ADMINISTRATOR 1

200 million for me.

ADMINISTRATOR 2

100 million.

ADMINISTRATOR 3
300 million.

ERWAN
Gentlemen, I understand your enthusiasm, but as you know, you can't drive a steamship the way you do a sports car... And if you want me to maintain these numbers, you're going to have to give me more space...

HAROLD DUNE
State your conditions.

ERWAN
I'd like to amend the fund's statutes to include the complete suppression of my risk limits.

Sarah monitors the trustees' reaction with apprehension. They look at each other and nod in agreement. Sarah relaxes. Erwan turns to Arthur Bradigan.

ERWAN
What do you think, Arthur?

ARTHUR BRADIGAN
I already raised your leverage from 5 to 10! When you risk 1 billion, all together, I'm personally risking 10. I need to protect the interests of my bank's investors.

ERWAN
I understand, but you have to admit that the model has been sufficiently proven by now.

ARTHUR BRADIGAN
(hesitates then reluctantly)
I'll continue to finance you if you double my commissions... Let's say LIBOR plus 1%!

ERWAN
It's a deal!

Arthur Bradigan nods in satisfaction.

SARAH
Gentlemen, if you all agree, may I suggest we vote on the motion to amend the statutes ? For the suppression of risk limits.

One after the other, the trustees raise their hands. Arthur Bradigan raises his last.

SARAH (jubilant)

Gentlemen, since the quorum is present today, the board hereby validates the proposal for the suppression of risk limits and inscribes it in the fund statutes. The fund has reached 4 billion. Well done, gentlemen!

Erwan bows to the applause.

HAROLD DUNE (in French)

« De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace ! »

131.INT DAY. LOFT.

Tablets and pills are scattered on the floor. Sibylle's sleeping.

132.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan arrives at the desk where Tony's waiting for him.

ERWAN (to Tony)

Buy 40 billion on all European stock futures!

TONY (flabbergasted)

40 billion! We're betting it all?!...

ERWAN

They gave me free reign!

TONY (stupefied)

And if the market opposes us?!

ERWAN (maliciously)

We're going for broke...

Tony studies Erwan's face then breaks into a grin. He leans over the squawk boxes.

TONY

Henri?! Buy everything you can! We're gonna take it all!

HENRI (O.S.)

What's that, I don't think I heard you right?

ERWAN (to Henri)

Henri, you deaf or do I need to put it in writing? Buy at least 100 million on all the futures you can, S&P, Footsie, Eurostoxx, Nikkei !

HENRI (O.S.)
That's crazy! The whole market'll know!

ERWAN
Just do as I say, you'll see!

133.INT DAY. BROKERAGE.

Henri picks up the other lines.

HENRI (in the mike)
*On your feet! I'm looking for 500 million on the
stock market in blocks of 100!*

134.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Ken and Chang leans back in their chairs munching on sandwiches as they keep a casual eye on their screens.

JOHN (in the squawk box)
*Wake up kids. Erwan's got a huge order on the
market!*

Ken leaps to his feet. Chang drops his sandwich and leans over the boxes.

KEN (standing, excited)
William?!

William looks up questioningly at Ken and Chang.

KEN
Erwan's buying huge amounts of stock! Enormous!

WILLIAM
You sure?

KEN
Absolutely. It's him!

WILLIAM (to Ken and Chang)
Go on, boys, get on it!
(loudly to the entire room)
I want everyone to follow. Buy!

The traders lunge for their phones. The room is filled with the voices of traders and brokers blaring out of the squawk boxes.

135.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Stock prices are rocketing on the screen.

TONY (to Erwan)
It's working!

HENRI (in the squawk box)
Everyone's following!

ERWAN (kissing his obsidian with a grin)
I knew it!

136.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

Ken watches stock prices rise on his screens while Chang keeps an eye on the TV.

KEN (to Chang)
Fuck, the market's rocketing, it just keeps going up!

ALISSA (on the TV)
... We interrupt our programs with a special news flash. After an abrupt rise in the stock market that was absolutely unforeseen by analysts...

CHANG (to Ken)
Listen to this!

Ken turns to look at the TV.

ALISSA (on the TV)
... the chairman of the Federal Reserve is about to make a declaration before the press...

CHANG
William, the Fed chairman's going to talk!

William freezes in the middle of the room. The traders all drop what they're doing and stare at the TV. On screen, we cut away from the anchor in the studio to the chairman of the Federal Reserve climbing up on the rostrum before a gathering of journalists.

137.INT DAY. FEDERAL RESERVE. ROSTRUM.

CHAIRMAN
Ladies and Gentlemen, today I've decided to address the market to call it to order. In terms of fundamental economics, the exuberance currently gripping the markets is completely irrational. As head of the institution which guarantees the stability of the financial system, it's my duty to call traders to reason...

138.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan and Tony have their eyes glued to the TV.

CHAIRMAN (on TV)

... and warn troublemakers that we'll be taking measures against them. We won't leave the market to the whims of wild speculation...

TONY (pale)

Shit, we're toast!

HENRI (in the squawk box)

Dump everything! The market's gonna turn, you're gonna get slaughtered!

Tony glances at the P&L. 100 million.

TONY (panic-stricken, to Erwan)

Let's get out now, we've got 100 million!

ERWAN (with a haughty smile)

I'm not gonna let that wimp scare me! If the market goes up 5% more, we can make a billion, at least!

Erwan motions him back to the box with a stern glance.

TONY (to Henri in the squawk box)

We're staying put!

Erwan picks up the phone.

CHAIRMAN

... and the unlawful manipulations of certain irresponsible hedge funds that are endangering the very system they benefit from...Unfortunately, these hedge funds aren't subject to any legislation. Most of them are located in offshore fiscal paradises where they behave as mercenaries. This is an appeal to institutional investors who manage long term savings: do not be lured by the siren song of blind speculation.

139/INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

On screen, the Federal Reserve Chairman steps down from the rostrum as excited journalists holler out questions. The image cuts back to Alissa. William turns to the roomful of traders.

WILLIAM (to the traders)

No time to lose, Erwan's gonna bite the dust! Let's sell!

The traders hurry back to their desks and pick up their phones.

While the Federal Reserve Chairman continues his speech, an assistant motions to Alissa on the set to pick up her phone.

ALISSA (on TV)

The reaction to the Federal Reserve Chairman's declaration has been immediate... Erwan Kermor, the new star of Wall Street...

... William turns back to the TV.

ALISSA (on TV)

... feels he's been personally singled out and is demanding the right to reply. We're linked up with him now for an exclusive live interview...

The traders drop their phones and look at each other questioningly. A dull clamor rises in the room.

KEN (to William)

What do we do?

The traders look quizzically at William.

WILLIAM (ill at ease)

Don't move!

140.INT DAY. FUND. ENTRANCE.

Sibylle enters the fund. She heads directly to the trading room.

141.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Sibylle doesn't see Erwan. Tony is watching the TV.

TONY (turning round)

Sibylle!

SIBYLLE

Where's Erwan?

TONY (pointing at the TV)

There!...

SIBYLLE

What?... The board room?

TONY

He's being interviewed live.

She looks up and sees Erwan on the screen.

ALISSA

Erwan Kermor, you manage the most successful hedge fund on the planet. Your fund is shrouded in an aura of mystery and scandalous rumors are circulating about you. Today, for the first time ever, you've agreed to go public...

Sibylle turns to Tony.

SIBYLLE

What's going on?

142.INT DAY. FUND. BOARD MEETING ROOM.

Erwan is seated in a big luxurious armchair in front of a webcam. His shirt is open a few buttons and we see his obsidian.

ALISSA (O.S., seductively)

...Is it the loosely veiled accusations by the Federal Reserve Chairman, who implied you were involved in the recent market explosion?

ERWAN

The way I see it, the chairman no longer holds any legitimate sway over the market. He's the guardian of an obsolete system that belongs to the past...

143.INT DAY. BAR.

A bunch of traders are gathered in front of the TV hanging from the ceiling. Behind the bar, the barman is nonchalantly wiping glasses.

ERWAN (on TV)

The market's an inexhaustible source of wealth, where money breeds more money. But in order to accomplish this miracle each day...

144. INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

The traders are all listening to Erwan in astonishment, their sandwiches and lunches half-eaten at their desks.

ERWAN (on TV)

... we need to abolish the limits imposed on us by impotent governments and outdated institutions ... Free us from our chains!

145.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Sibylle watches Erwan. She's blown away.

ALISSA (on TV)

Nevertheless, don't you think that some safeguards are necessary?

ERWAN (on TV)

What we need is a guide. And this guide is yours truly! Nobody can better predict the future of the world than myself. The dawn of a new era is upon us!

Sibylle shakes her head.

146.INT DAY. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

In the Universal Market room, the traders are hypnotized by Erwan's diatribe.

CHANG (to Ken)

Well fuck me, that little motherfucker!

ERWAN (on TV)

Follow me! Together, we'll reach for the stars...

Suddenly a trader gets up and starts clapping. Another joins in, then a handful, then the entire room. They all cheer and applaud Erwan at the end of his speech. William, looking lost and overwhelmed in the middle of the room, watches in astonishment.

WILLIAM (re-exerting his authority)

Come on, boys! No mercy, buy everything!

TRADERS (all at once)

Let's go!

147.INT DAY. BAR.

Omit.

148.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan returns to his desk. Sibylle watches him silently.

ERWAN (to Tony)

What's the trend?

TONY (jubilant)

The whole market's behind us. We've passed the one billion mark! It's nuts! It just keeps climbing!

ERWAN

Ok, let's hold onto our position!

TONY (O.S.)
Don't we cash in our earnings?

ERWAN (turning to Sibylle)
The entire market's behind me! Tonight, I'll have 2 billion... Tomorrow, I'll make 4, the day after, 8 and that's just the beginning. The sky's the limit!...

SIBYLLE (dumbstruck)
The model's dead...

ERWAN (jubilant)
Dead and resurrected! Now it's me controlling the market!

SIBYLLE (icy)
Wake up, Erwan! Without my model, you're nothing!

ERWAN (infuriated)
I don't need your model anymore. They trust me. They believe in me.

SIBYLLE
You've gone crazy!

ERWAN (bursting into laughter)
Crazy?!... You just don't get it. I'm their god!

SIBYLLE
I'm leaving, Erwan. I'm going back to Montreal.

ERWAN
You're leaving right at the best moment... You're going to miss everything.

SIBYLLE (studying him)
Goodbye...

She takes off while Erwan looks on stormily.

149.INT NIGHT. LIMOUSINE.

Erwan sniffs a line of coke while Henri watches.

150.INT NIGHT. HALLWAYS.

The party's in full swing. Sarah wanders through the crowd and finds herself face to face with Henri.

SARAH (shouting)
Have you seen Erwan? I've been looking
everywhere for him!

HENRI (shouting and pointing down a hallway)
Over there, in good hands!

Sarah, dumbstruck, nods while Henri continues on his way.

151.INT NIGHT.

Sarah wanders through the halls looking for Erwan when she spots him around a corner. He's with a girl who's doing her best to try and undress him.

Sarah follows Erwan while other girls come at him from all angles and rub themselves up against him.

SARAH
Erwan!

Erwan turns around.

SARAH
What are you doing?

One of the girls slips a Viagra in his mouth as the others spray him with champagne.

ERWAN
What does it look like? I'm having fun!

The girls sprinkle him with cocaine and start licking his chest, then kissing him on the mouth.

SARAH
Isn't Sibylle here?...

ERWAN
Sibylle?! Don't ever say that name to me again!

Sarah is dumbstruck and stands there watching as a half-naked Erwan is dragged off by the girls into a room at the end of a hallway. Just as they're closing the door, he looks back at Sarah one last time and flashes her a huge smile.

152.INT NIGHT. LOFT. BATHROOM.

Sibylle studies her face in the mirror. She grabs her bottles of pills and empties them into the toilet.

153.INT NIGHT. LOFT. BEDROOM.

Sibylle is starting to pack her suitcase when the phone rings. She looks at the caller ID, frowns and answers.

SIBYLLE
Sarah?

157.INT NIGHT. HALLWAY.

SARAH
Sibylle, can you explain what's going on?

155.EXT MORNING. NEW YORK CITY.

Sunrise over New York. The sky is overcast and a blustery wind howls through the streets. We hear the radio spewing off the news.

RADIO (O.S.)

The hurricane has now left its course and is travelling up the coast of the US. It looks like it might blow all the way up to New York City. We've never seen anything like it in the history of meteorology. Experts are questioning the cause of such a phenomenon. No model seemed to point to the possibility of such a storm... Global warming might be to blame.

156.INT MORNING. LOUNGE BAR.

William and Harry Hunt rise to their feet as Sarah enters. She's wrapped up in a big fur coat. She seems freezing cold.

WILLIAM (shaking her hand)
*Good morning, Sarah. This is Harry Hunt, the
director of Universal Market Bank...*

SARAH (shaking his hand reverently)
Nice to meet you, Mr. Hunt !...

HARRY (impatient)
Let's get started, please. No time to waste.

They all sit down together.

HARRY
We'll listen to your conditions.

SARAH (extremely nervous)
10 million dollars.

WILLIAM
Listen, Sarah...

SARAH
This isn't a negotiation. 10. Take it or leave it.

HARRY
William!
(to Sarah)
Ok, for 10 million.

William pulls out a checkbook and writes a check. Meanwhile, Harry Hunt stares at Sarah and she holds his gaze. William hands the check to Sarah.

HARRY HUNT
Perfect! Now let's have the model.

SARAH
There is no model anymore...

HARRY HUNT (surprised)
Is this some kind of joke?!

SARAH (pulling a digital recorder out of her bag and hitting play)
I've got Sibylle Mahler's recorded confession: "The model's dead. It had been showing signs of weakness for a few weeks now. He went for broke and bet everything on one play. A bluff. And it worked. The entire market followed him. Sarah, the model is dead, dead! He's going to blow it up in mid-air!" Would you like a translation?...

Harry Hunt and William are dumbstruck.

157.INT MORNING. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

WILLIAM (in the middle of the room, to everyone)
Sell everything! Do it fast and do it quietly. Come on guys, cut all your positions, it's gonna explode!

All the traders in the room leap for their mikes and boxes. Ken, at his desk, hits a button on his squawk box.

KEN
Listen up, John! Sell 500 S&P futures right away.

JOHN (in the squawk box, suspicious)
What's going on? Did you get a tip?

KEN
Fuck, there's no time to explain.

JOHN (O.S.)
I always shared my info. Can't you scratch my back for once?

KEN

We just found out the Flying Fund model's bullshit!

JOHN

Are you shitting me?!

KEN (in the squawk box)

*First-hand info. Hurry up now, take care of my 500
S&P futures, I still got 3 billion to unload!*

Ken hears him shout immediately into the squawk box.

JOHN

Everyone run for cover! The market's gonna crash!

158.INT MORNING. BROKERAGE.

OMIT.

159.INT MORNING. LUXURY HOTEL. ROOM.

Erwan is sprawled in the middle of a large bed, entwined in the bodies of naked women. His eyes flutter open at the sound of his cell phone ringing. Empty bottles and broken glass litter the floor and clothes are scattered everywhere in the room. He reaches out an arm, struggles to his feet and staggers over to an armchair where his jacket is lying. He fishes around in the pockets and pulls out his cell.

ERWAN (in a daze)

Hello?

160.INT MORNING. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Tony is at the computer watching the index of prices starting to plummet straight down. His screen's covered in red numbers. You can hear ringing in the squawk boxes.

TONY (on the phone in a total panic)

Fuck, I've been trying to reach you for hours!

ERWAN

What's up?!

TONY

Get over here quick! The market opened in decline!
It's collapsing!

161.INT MORNING. LUXURY HOTEL. ROOM.

ERWAN (trying to come to his senses)

You seen figures?

Erwan starts gathering up his things and pulling on his clothes with the cell still pressed to his ear.

TONY

No! No news. They just started selling, for no reason!

ERWAN (pulling his BlackBerry from his jacket)
Where are we?

TONY

Down -400 million dollars!

ERWAN (checking his Blackberry. The graph on the screen shows a plunge in the market)
Buy everything you can! Call Henri, tell him to back the market! I'm on my way!

He races to the door, still only half dressed.

His obsidian lies on the floor where it had fallen off during the night.

162.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Tony, pale and sweaty, is paralyzed before his screens where all the numbers blink red. Prices keep plummeting and the boxes keep shouting out orders.

TONY (to himself, shaking his head)
Fuck, I'll never make it!

163.EXT DAY. NEW YORK. STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL.

Erwan leaps into a taxi and hands the driver a \$100 bill.

ERWAN (to the driver)
1230 Grand Street, corner of Broome and Grand.
Let's go!

The taxi speeds off while Erwan watches the market collapse on the little Bloomberg screen of his BlackBerry. The driver grumbles and starts weaving in and out of traffic. Out the rear window, we see the streets getting soaked in the storm.

164.EXT DAY. FUND TOWER. PLAZA.

Erwan climbs out of the taxi and races into the tower.

165.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

The room's empty when Erwan arrives. His face is haggard. He glances around the room.

ERWAN
Tony?!

The desk is empty. He looks through the bay windows. All the offices are empty. The only sound in the room is the hum of the machines.

ERWAN
Tony?... Tony?!

Erwan walks over to his desk while the hum grows louder. The sound of mingled voices shouting in a panic. Erwan discovers a note. "Sorry, but this is too big for me to handle. Thanks for everything. Tony."

ERWAN (his teeth clenched)
Little fucker! He bailed!

Erwan sends Tony's papers flying with the back of his hand. He plops down in the chair and looks at the P&L that indicates a loss of 1 billion. He takes off his coat and tosses it onto the floor behind him. He types at the keyboard and various graphs appear on the screens around him, all plummeting. Erwan just sits there in shock while the voices continue spewing out of the squawk boxes. His heart is pounding.

ERWAN (pushing the button marked "Henri")
Henri?!

HENRI (in the squawk box)
Erwan?! Where the fuck you been?!

ERWAN
Where we at?!

HENRI (O.S.)
It's mayhem! The market's collapsing

ERWAN
What's going on?

HENRI (O.S.)
A rumor went out from Universal Market Bank and is spreading around the market...

ERWAN (worried)
A rumor?!

HENRI (O.S.)
They say you manipulated the market... That you're model's phoney.

ERWAN
Buy everything you can!

HENRI (in the squawk box, incredulous)
No one's going to follow you this time, Erwan.

ERWAN (shouting)
Buy, I said! That's an order!

Erwan cuts the line of the squawk box.

166.INT DAY. NEW YORK. SOHO. LOFT.

Sibylle sets the keys to the loft on the coffee table and takes a last look around the place. She picks up her suitcase and walks out.

167.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan leans over his screens. They're covered in red numbers and the P&L reads a loss of 1800 million. The phone rings.

ERWAN (pushing a button)
Go ahead!

SEC COMMISSIONER
This is Andrew Smith, from the NYSE... You didn't respond to your margin calls. You've exceeded your limit.

ERWAN
I don't understand!

SEC COMMISSIONER
You've got one hour before cut off to find 200 million dollars.

ERWAN
Call my prime broker, he'll pay the deposit. I have some excess margin.

SEC COMMISSIONER
Mr. Bradigan refuses to pay anything to the Flying Fund any more.

ERWAN (offended)
What?!

168.EXT DAY. NEW YORK CITY. TUNNEL. TAXI.

Sibylle sees a portrait of Erwan flash up on the TV screen. She's dumbfounded.

ALISSA

At the origin of the crash, the bankruptcy of the Flying Fund, managed by the now famous Erwan Kermor, the star of Wall Street, who's taken every market down with him in his fall.

169.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Arthur Bradigan's face appears on Erwan's computer screen. He's seated behind an Empire desk, his elbows resting on the table. On a table next to his desk sits a Reuters surveillance.

ERWAN (feverish)

Lend me another 200 million until 9 o'clock tomorrow. I'll be back on target then, I swear!

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (icy)

You con, you lied to us about your performances and you dare ask for more!

ERWAN (shouting)

They're going to suspend me!

ARTHUR BRADIGAN (scornful)

Because of you, I've already lost 20 billion. I'm teetering on bankruptcy!

ERWAN

Trust me! I'm going to get back on my feet, you'll get it all back. I swear!

ARTHUR BRADIGAN

I lodged a complaint against you. I hope you get locked away and I never have to hear your name again!

Arthur Bradigan's face disappears from the screen. Erwan grabs the monitor, rips it off the table and throws it across the room.

ERWAN (collapsing)

Motherfucker!

170.INT DAY. BROKERAGE.

Henri stares at the Bloomberg screen and sees the message: "FLYING FUND LICENCE TO TRADE SUSPENDED".

ERWAN (O.S.)

Come on, buy goddamn it!

HENRI

Erwan, I can't deal for you anymore... Look at the news on Bloomberg, you've been blacklisted!

171.INT DAY. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

ERWAN

Then buy in your own name, or for a different account!

HENRI

No use... It's a crash, Erwan! I can't buy the whole market by myself!

ERWAN (crushed)

You're all I've got left, Henri. Don't let me down.

HENRI

Goddamn it, Erwan, wake up! The game is over!

Erwan smashes his box in rage and crumples over the desk.

172.INT EVENING. BANK. TRADING ROOM.

The sweaty traders are clustered in groups of three or four around their screens. Suddenly the ticker tape scrolling stock prices stops and the graphs on the screens go flat. A clamor is heard in the boxes.

KEN (blown away)

Holy fuck! They pulled the plug!

A murmur runs through the room then total silence. The traders are frozen in shock before their screens. Little by little, they pull their eyes from the screens and look around at each other. We hear Alissa's voice above the sounds of the storm that's raging outside. All eyes turn to the TV.

ALISSA (on screen)

First London and Tokyo, now New York has come to a halt. Quotes around the world have been suspended indefinitely. Prices haven't plummeted so quickly since Black Thursday in 1929. Wall Street has taken a 20% plunge in one day... The ghost of the Great Crash looms over the world... I'm being told the chairman of the Federal Reserve is about to make a public announcement.

On screen, we see the chairman take his spot behind the lectern.

CHAIRMAN (clearing his throat)

Ladies and gentlemen, we're currently experiencing grave developments. It is times like these when we all need to show some responsibility. I beg you all to stay calm and not give in to panic. We're working very closely with the central banks of Europe and Asia to curb the hysteria gripping the stock market...

Douglas is beet red. He staggers then faints. Two traders help him up into a chair.

DOUGLAS (in despair)

My retirement! I'm ruined...

Ken pulls out his cell and dials a number.

KEN (panic-stricken, in his phone)

Honey, go to the bank immediately. Withdraw everything you can and close out all our accounts. Don't leave a thing! The house? We'll worry about that later. Yes, now! There's no time to argue, hurry !

Chang steps aside with his cell in hand.

CHANG (quietly, in Chinese)

Yes, can you hear me? Sell all the dollars I sent. Change it all into yuan. Sell all foreign currencies. Quick. Don't worry, I'll visit soon.

CHAIRMAN (on TV)

The world's governments are going to be working round the clock together to guarantee the stability of our institutions and re-establish trust in the markets.

William stands in a daze, looking lost in the middle of the room. He watches the panicked traders all around him. Some are grasping their heads, others are packing up their things and putting on their coats.

173.INT DAY. CLUBHOUSE. LOUNGE.

Arthur Bradigan, Harry Hunt and a few other big bankers are seated at a table around the chairman.

CHAIRMAN

I just saw the President. He assured me that the government would back all your debts. Of course, there's no free lunch. The party's over. We going to be facing the greatest depression in our history.

The bankers all exchange dark looks.

174.INT NIGHT. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan is sitting in front of his screens. His eyes are wild and he's grasping his head in his hands. Suddenly he looks up at the clock. 6pm. He straightens up, clicks on one of his screens and starts typing away. He buys a ticket for Montreal leaving from NY at 10pm. He prints up the electronic ticket.

175.INT NIGHT. FUND TOWER. LOBBY.

Agents from the Securities and Exchange Commission are standing at the reception desk.

AGENT

Hello! We'd like to talk to Mr. Erwan Kermor, please.

RECEPTIONIST

The Flying Fund, right?

They nod. The receptionist picks up the phone.

176.INT EVENING. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan's got his coat on. He opens a drawer and pulls out his passport. He takes one last glance around and turns out the light. Just as he's about to open the door to leave, the phone rings. Erwan hesitates then goes over to his desk to answer.

ERWAN

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Mr. Erwan Kermor, the feds are here to talk to you...

ERWAN

The feds?!...

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

One moment please...

AGENT (O.S.)

Mr. Erwan Kermor, I'm with the Treasury Department. We have a search warrant. Please let us in? ...

ERWAN

Fuck you!

Erwan slams the phone down then looks through the bay window.

177.EXT EVENING. NEW YORK CITY. HIGHWAY. TAXI.

Sibylle is riding in a taxi. She stares at the sign indicating JFK airport.

178.INT NIGHT. FUND. LANDING.

The SEC agents emerge from the elevator and knock on the door. They wait a beat.

AGENT

Mr. Kermor, please open up! You're under arrest!

179.INT NIGHT. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

As the knocking persists at the door, Erwan takes off his coat, stuffs the plane ticket in his pocket, pulls his parachute out of a closet and quickly slips it on.

AGENT (O.S.)

Mr. Kermor, it's no use. Open up now!

180.A.INT NIGHT. FUND. LANDING.

The SEC agents look at each other.

AGENT (to his colleagues)

Break down the door!

180.B.. INT NIGHT. FUND. TRADING ROOM.

The agents burst through the door.

181. INT NIGHT. FUND TOWER. TRADING ROOM.

The wind blows hard and storm clouds race across the sky. Erwan adjusts his skydiving goggles then checks his bindings and extractor. He grabs a fire extinguisher and shatters the window with it. A gust of wind blows in.

182.INT NIGHT. FUND TOWER. TRADING ROOM.

Erwan reaches feebly for his obsidian and realizes it's gone just as the agents burst into the trading room. He takes a deep breath and dives. The agents look on, dumbstruck. He glides away from the building, his arms pressed alongside his body.

183.EXT NIGHT. NEW YORK CITY. FUND TOWER.

Just as his parachute opens, a gust of wind blows him back and slams him into the wall of the building. His parachute collapses and he plummets to the bottom of the tower.

184.INT NIGHT. FUND TOWER. SQUARE. TAXI.

Sibylle can hear the ambulance sirens even in the taxi. Through the window, she spots a crowd of journalists and gawkers gathered in front of the Flying Fund tower.

185.EXT NIGHT. NEW YORK CITY. FUND TOWER. SQUARE.

She gets out of the taxi, pushes her way through the crowd and throws herself at Erwan's body lying motionless on the ground in a pool of blood. She touches his neck where the obsidian should be, surprised to see it gone. Erwan's eyes stare off into the sky. There's a smile on his face. She closes his eyes with her hand.

54.EXT NIGHT. SKY.

A sunny blue sky.

THE END